

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

24th Year. No. 39

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1903.

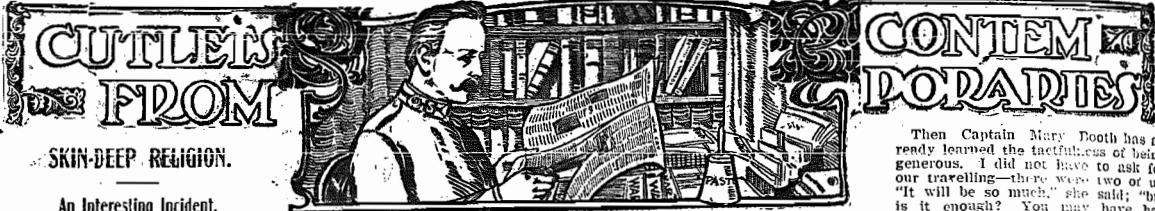
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



WITH AN INDIAN OFFICER.

(See page 3.)



SKIN-DEEP RELIGION.

An Interesting Incident.

One of the evidences of the Holy Spirit's work in our hearts is the inner prompting to right what is wrong; to pay off old debts, and so to stand clear and true and straight before the whole world.

A beautiful instance of this happened in connection with our dear General's visit to Norwich. In the morning meeting a man sat in the gallery under deep conviction. He longed for salvation, but just below him were two or three publicans to whom he owed money. "How can I go out and give my heart to God," he thought, "with the eyes of those men on me? They will brand me as a hypocrite!"

He left the meeting, but, in the afternoon, he went round to the different public houses, paid up his debts, and returned to the night meeting.

So eager was he to make his peace with God, that he could not wait till the invitation was given, but went round to the back of the theatre, where he found a Salvationist, who prayed with him and helped him to claim full salvation there and then.

All yes, an old preacher once said, "The salvation which does not touch a man's pocket, and make him both honest and generous, is only skin-deep." —The Y. P.

UGLY SIDE OF LIFE.

By the Lady Editor of a Magazine Fashion Page.

You all know, I think, that my readers write to me freely. Literally hundreds of my girls honour me with their confidence, laying bare secrets which they dare not—unfortunately—tell to even their own mothers, and in these confidences I naturally hear many sad stories—stories of girls who have lost their characters, who have been abandoned by their friends, who are adrift upon the world with every fear of sinking from bad to worse for the want of helping hand held out to them.

I am able to do so little. I sympathise, God knows, with all my heart. I try to point out the right way, but after all, my help can only be in words, and they are only very poor and helpless at the best, although one of the letters I treasure above all others comes from a girl now doing well, earning her living in an honourable career, who once wrote to me from the lowest depths of degradation and sin, and she tells me it was my answer which encouraged her to "turn over a new leaf," and to begin life again.

I know of another girl who was most dreadfully tried, who fell, and

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon all special soul-saving efforts during the Summer months.

* *

Sunday, July 5th.—Asking God's Advice. Joshua viii. 6-15.

Monday, July 6th.—Neglecting to Pray. Joshua ix. 1-15.

Tuesday, July 7th.—A Sign Given. Judges vi. 36-40.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Samson's Last Prayer. Judges xvi. 21-31.

Thursday, July 9th.—The Prayer of Hannah. 1 Sam. i. 9-28.

Friday, July 10th.—A Faithful Prophet. 1 Sam. xii. 16-25.

Saturday, July 11th.—Smiting the Philistines. 1 Samuel xxiii. 1-12.

* *

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

To be able to pray so as not only to reach the ear and move the heart of God; but to insure the bestowment of the blessings for which you ask, is a

very wonderful gift.

God has manifested the satisfaction with which He regards that kind of prayer, by the marvellous answers He has given to it all the way down the stream of history. All good men enjoy a measure of the gift, and covet much more.

Bad men fear it, and stand in dread of those whom they have reason to believe possess it. The fervent, effectual, prevailing prayer of which the Apostle James speaks is altogether a wonderful thing. Of it the old Hymn-writer says:—

Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest Saint upon his knees.

—The General

* *

THE OFFICER'S PRAYER.

She asked to be made like the Saviour. He took her right then at her word; And sent her a heart-crushing burden Till the depth of her soul was stirred.

To be able to pray so as not only to reach the ear and move the heart of God; but to insure the bestowment of the blessings for which you ask, is a

strings, except that the latter are handled with more care.—The Local Officer.

SALVATIONIST AND BAILIFF.

Where to Go for Help.

A few weeks ago, a woman, knowing I was a Salvationist, came to me in great distress. The bailiff had been to her house with a warrant for the arrest of her husband, who had only started work a few days before, after being "out" for many weeks. The debt was 12s. 9d. I went to the County court office, but it was "out of their hands." From there I went to the debt-buyer, only to find he was not at home, and then to the bailiff, with the same result. After spending about five hours in vain search for these people, I wrote to the bailiff, who called at my house the next morning. He promised if I could get the man to pay 9s. 9d. on Saturday, and the remainder the next week, he would cancel proceedings. I wrote to the husband, and when he came home at the end of the week, although it meant a struggle to spare the money, he handed me the full amount, which I took to the bailiff. In this way, I not only earned the gratitude of the man and his wife, but also secured friends for The Army.—British Cry.

CAPTAIN MARY BOOTH.

Commissioner Nicl on the Chief's Second Daughter.

Her love for souls is intense and particular. I watched her fish in the prayer meeting, and deal with the penitents at the front—perfect spiritual replica of her mother; and had her grandmother been alive to have seen it, what a heaven of joy would have filled her soul! But I dare say she knows.

I visited the Officers' Quarters—in fact, I had tea there—and learned, to my satisfaction, that the Captain and Lieutenant were not drawing full salary. The funds would not permit. I think their income that week was exceptionally high—8s. 6d. each! I did not congratulate them, of course, but in my heart I congratulated their parents and The Army, for it is their first Corps—a Corps with every condition to try their mettle and develop the true Salvation spirit within them. I thought Captain and Lieutenant well-mated. I gathered they had their little differences—another healthy sign!—only differences of opinion, however!

She asked for a faith, yet simple; He permitted the dark cloud to come,

And she struggled by faith through the darkness,

For the storm had obscured quite the sun.

She prayed to be filled with a passion Of love for lost souls and for God, And again in response to her longings, She sank beneath the chastening rod.

She wanted a place in His vineyard, He took her away from her home, And placed her among hardened sinners

Where she "humanly" stood all alone.

She saw she must give up ambitions Which had been her "air castles" for years; But she knelt in consecration And whispered "Amen," through her tears.

She wanted a meek, lowly spirit— The work He gave answered that cry,

Then Captain Mary Booth has already learned the tactfulness of being generous. I did not have to ask for our travelling—there were two of us. "It will be so much," she said; "but is it enough? You may have had other expenses."

Spirits are human, and that way of putting a delicate question quite overwhelmed me, and no one, I hope, will blame me for being so weak as to suggest, "I will visit your Corps again!"

A word about her platform ability. It is clear, arresting, penetrating, and sweetly sincere. "Altogether I predict a great future for the second daughter of our beloved Chief and his wife.—The Field Officer.

THE DEVIL CAST OUT.

No Apartment at All for Him.

I shall not soon forget the horror that stole over the face of an eminent preacher of evangelisation when a young Salvationist expressed himself confidently as being entirely "free from sin." "No," said the good man, "your heart is like a house with many chambers. Since your conversion God has dislodged sin from one chamber to another, and will, when you reach the sinless world, dislodge it from every chamber, but it is now still in you, if only in the attic of your nature." "My experience is different from your theory," returned the Salvationist, "for God has delivered me from the power of sin altogether. It no longer haunts any part of my being."

One experience is worth ten thousand theories, and this bold assertion of the young Salvationist proved a blessing to many who heard it. Till the top root which sucks nourishment from the rose-tree is removed, there will be no perfect rose; till the fountain-head of the river is sweet forth; and as the heart is the fountain from which all sins flow, it stands to reason that sin must be removed before anything like a victorious life can be enjoyed. God has undertaken to do this!

Sin is a parasite in the soul. It is a deadly disease. It is the direct work of the devil. There can be no growth or real health in the spiritual life till sin is cleansed away. Sin destroyed the image of God in man. The second Adam from Heaven seeks to restore that image by destroying sin. Jesus undertakes to destroy the works of the devil by the work of God in the heart of man. This is Heaven's compensation-balanced! There could be no more straightforward and clearer statement of God's purpose towards His people than that glorious watchword of every believer in the power of God. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil."—London Social Gazette.

Till some who had once been companions.

With a pitying smile passed her by.

She asked to lean hard on her Saviour;

He took human props quite away, Till no earthly friend could give comfort,

And she could do nothing but pray.

I saw her go out in the vineyard, To harvest the ripening grain; Her eyes were still moistened with weeping, Her heart yet throbbing with pain.

But many a heart that was broken, And many a wretched, blighted life, Was made to thank God for its coming,

And rejoiced in the midst of the strife.

She had prayed to be made like the Saviour;

And the burden He gave her to bear Had been but the great Sculptor's teaching

To help answer her earnest prayer.

WITH AN INDIAN OFFICER

This is an Intensely Interesting Article, Describing a Day's Work of a Salvation Army Officer Amongst the Hindoos.

AN interesting glimpse of Salvation Army work is afforded by the recent Territorial Commander of the Punjab, from whose life-leaves we pluck a sample day. Before daylight, then, in the compound around Headquarters, there is a rustling, the uneasy breathing presence of wideawake people who wait desirously for us to be in a like condition this now and again resolving itself into a muffle-fanted ambie around the house in case some fortuitous opening should be found for inquiry.

On peeping through the jalouses we describ a little group of men wrapped in thick native sheets, crouched under the wall with their eyes upon our veranda, waiting, waiting, with an exaggeration of patience which stings us into immediate action.

We hasten our toilet, partake hurriedly of our chota hazri, and appear upon the veranda more than an hour earlier than usual, only to be told—"We have been here for hours; we wondered when you were going to get up!"

We recognise in our visitors the Jemadars and Subhadar (Sergeants and Sergeant-Major) of a neighbouring village Corps. They have evidently come to ask our help in some case of severe caste persecution, but it is some time before we are able to get all the details from them. Eventually it appears that it is a charge of poisoning a buffalo; two or three Soldiers are involved; the men have been seized and locked up by the Numbaradar (the Government native official in charge of the whole village: a caste man in whose hand lies much power), and our Local Officers are here to ask for justice to be done, accompanied by relations of the accused men.

Persecuting Indian Converts.

At nine o'clock some of the caste people are heard arriving; they have followed upon the heels of the protesters. Behold them then, ranged opposite each other on two sides of the floor of the office, each prepared to make good his case.

There must be no appearance of hurry. The European methods of business dispatch must be laid aside if we would win the truth from this tangle of statements. And great harm will be done if we try to interfere without sure proof of the innocence of the accused. So we smile and smile—there is the whole day, says our master! The caste men are weaving a tissue of ingenious lies, but we smile still. Now on the other side, and we listen keenly, throwing in a question here and there, but casually and deliberately, as though these issues scarcely mattered. Slowly we disentangle the truth. The Numbaradar and his men have been wrongly oppressing our people, and they are to be tried before a Hindu judge who is strongly against The Army. These men must be seen.

"We are coming through your village on the morrow," we tell them. "The case shall be thoroughly looked into."

It is almost midday. The accusers and protesters depart, with many salams, to the bazaar, where they buy food before returning to their homes.

For ourselves, we partake of rice and curry, with a little stewed meat, and then go out to pack our pony cart, as we shall be absent for two or three nights. First comes the bedding, then the ubiquitous kettle and cooking vessel, lights for the night, food for the horse, and some fresh bread for ourselves—not least of all the bag. At the bottom goes a Bible in the vernacular, an Army Song Book, and the "Directory" (our children's Catechism). A case of medicines is an absolute necessity; nor must we forget the Sergeants' badges, and a parcel of Army shields, or we shall meet such dispirited faces as will haunt our hearts. Finally comes a tin of tea, with as few personal belongings as we can manage with.

Indian Tea—in the Punjab.

Away we go for a sixteen-mile drive; swaying up and down, and to and fro, as one wheel elects to remain on a hillock while the opposite one tastes the valley depths of a yawning rut. The white sand is a foot and a half deep on these roads.

On our way we pass through two or three villages, at one of which we stop for a meeting, for the people are gathered along the side of the road to bid us welcome. These are Soldiers who have been able to get away, from their work in the fields; the children who are drawn up in rank belong to our village Day School here. Some one seizes the pony, and we alight almost on top of the crowd which swarms between the wheels.

The meeting is held beneath the trees near our little Hall, and as it draws to a close we notice three or four women whispering. One of them runs off to a neighbouring hut, and by much experience we know what lies before us—she has gone to make us some native tea. It might be supposed that the fact would cheer us through and through, English tea-lovers as we are, but we know as well as if we could see it what is happening. One woman lights a fire, another brings the chattie which was used for the midday meal of curry; into it she drops a big lump of ghoul (solid sugar from the cane), as big as her fist; then a handful of tea; next she fills up the chattie with

cold water, and puts it on to boil. Then they will bring out a set of brass tumblers, half full of smoky milk, and fill up with the boiled tea from the chattie, which by that time will be well and highly flavoured with curry and ghoul—a fine emetic for a sensitive person!

But the crowd is closing around us, and we are besieged for medicines for the sick; entreated to come and see sick babies in the huts; implored to cure with a tablet a poor woman who is dying for lack of a skilful operation; to say nothing of the blind old woman of almost eighty, to whom we are begged to "come, and give back her sight!"

In addition to all this we are besought to visit twelve other villages this very afternoon!

A School Inspection.

We almost fight our way through the crowd at last, disentangling the children from the cart wheels, smiling upon all and sundry, and leaving a sigh of relief when we are really off without running over any of the brown babies who are rolling in the dust.

Long before we reach the next village we are met by one or two men and some boys, wearing a little bit of uniform tucked on somewhere; these run along behind our cart as a rear-guard. In the distance we see fluttering paper flags of many colours; the children of the village Day School are formed up for inspection, and burning to show their aptitude for drill, and to sing the latest Army song. We permit them to effervesce then and there, after which we take our seats upon the string cots brought out under the trees for our comfort. We wish some kindly souls had not spread them with their sheets; we should be much happier in mind without them; but it would never do to say so, and we proceed from this cradle of luxury to inspect the School.

The parents gather round to listen as their children read, and after hearing what we think necessary we question them, still in the vernacular, upon the Bible and "Directory." Their answers are surprisingly good.

No Idolatry.

By this time the people are all ready for the other meeting—women on one side, men on the other. The girls have prepared a special song of their own to sing; there are Soldiers to swear-in, and from these we demand the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. The ring of heathen on the outside of the crowd listen keenly as we draw attention to those Commandments as the foundation of Christian teaching. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. . . . Thou shalt not bear false witness."

The Recruits are standing beneath a home-made Army Flag; and thus, marked out before their own comrades and the Mohammedans and Hindus, who press close to hear, they answer our questions, and satisfy us as to their fitness to become Soldiers.

There follows a prayer meeting, in which the Jemadars and the old Subhadar work finely. Slowly and persistently come the three or four who wish to forsake their sins and serve Jesus Christ. The whole crowd of Soldiers would "come out for a blessing," were we not careful; but these people are just as intelligent as their English working brothers. We can make them understand if we will; it is our fault if they become indefinite in their prayer and seeking.

Indian Shortcomings.

There are some confessions—one has accepted some of the flesh of an animal that has been poisoned. Cattle are poisoned purposely for the profit of the unscrupulous, and participation in this is marked among us as a crime. Another delinquent has arisen in the night to steal grass for his cows. A thief has used heathen swear words. Each is dealt with according to his fault.

It is 10 p.m. when the meeting is over, and we retire to the Officers' Quarters, where a room has been reserved for us. One or two high caste people follow to offer the use of a table, a chair, a lota of milk, or any other little service. Many of the Soldiers are too far from their homes to return to-night, so they lie down in the Officers' compound with our pony and cart. We hear the whispers of their conversation through our wide-open windows;

A few of them are still there in the morning, for there are cases of discipline to settle, and while it is yet cool we turn out to interview the Subhadars, who are burdened with "something wrong in the Corps" beneath their charge. (The Field Officer has several villages to supervise; at each one there is a Sergeant-Major responsible for meetings held between his visits.)

A Jemadar has given his daughter in marriage to a lad of a heathen family. It is really a little court-martial this morning—for which a thorough knowledge of the language is absolutely essential—but this is quickly settled; the rank of the Jemadar is taken

(Continued on page 15.)



Mayor Kearney,
Who Presided at the Opening
Ceremony.

BAND NOTES.

A grand united Band Festival took place in the Riverdale Roller Rink (run under S. A. auspices for the evening) on Wednesday, June 17th. By the time for opening, the spacious auditorium and gallery were well filled with eager spectators. Lieut.-Colonel Howell presided. Staff-Captain Walton prayed, after which Adjutant McElheney (who, by the way, organised the festival, and secured the Rink free of charge) introduced the chairman. The Colonel remarked what a great feature of our Army work the Brass and Silver Bands were, and complimented the Adjutant on his spirited venture. "I see in this, the beginning of a new sphere of work," said the Colonel; "the nucleus of a new era for Toronto in this line."

The opening march, "Under the Colours," played by the united Bands from Riverdale, Dovercourt and West Toronto, was received with great applause. Brigadier Morris conducted. The Lisgar Street Band were unable to be present, owing to the farewell meeting of Captain McFetrick. The Staff Band Male Choir, and the Temple Songster Brigade occupied the platform, and each in turn rendered selections of great merit.

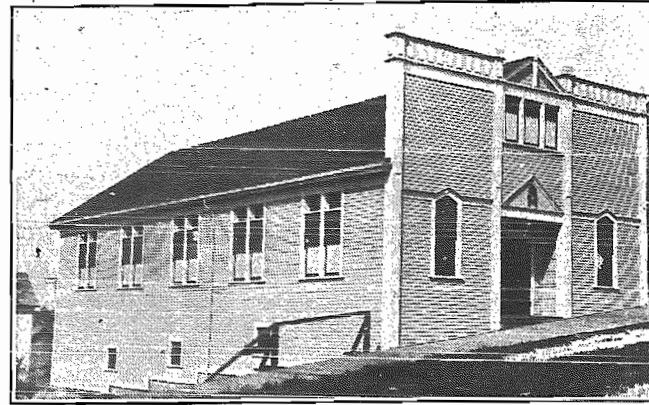
Captain Pugmire's Euphonium solo fairly captivated the people, and not until that young and capable musician returned to the front, did the deafening applause cease. Several other items were accorded rounds of hand-clapping. The Lippincott Band acquitted themselves, splendidly with the "Shields March;" The West Toronto Band also did well, considering they are our "Baby" Band. A Monster Bass solo (Annie Laurie, with variations) by Bandsman Toms, of the Temple Band, was loudly encored.

In all, fourteen roof-raising items comprised the programme (excluding the collection!).

Mr. Smith, the owner of the ideal building, and a friend of the Army, was heartily thanked for his kind loan, in order that this "Corps Go" as Adjutant McElheney named it, might be a success, which it was from every standpoint.—J. E. D.

Our Band Festival at Paris proved a great success in every way. The programme was good in every particular, and was very much enjoyed by all present.—M. W.

The Lippincott Band recently attended the stone laying ceremony of a Toronto church. Adjutants Kendall and Mercer were also present and the latter was called upon for a speech. He took advantage of the opportunity to give his personal testimony and urged the unconverted to give their hearts to God.



Wedding and Farewell.

The New Westminster, B.C., Citadel.

[A Very Successful Opening, Conducted by Major Morris.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., has a population of about ten thousand, and is situated so as to command a splendid view of the great Fraser River, and its main thoroughfares run parallel with the course of this noted stream, tor who has not heard in all parts of the universe of the hundreds of tons of salmon which it produces annually for the world's consumption. New Westminster is one of the oldest settlements and cities in the Province, and has many important institutions, amongst them being the Penitentiary, the Provincial Jail and one of the best Hospitals for the Insane in the entire Dominion, also several educational institutions one of the more prominent being the Methodist Columbian College.

From an S. A. point of view, it has had its struggles, sometimes up, and sometimes not so far up. The work has been handicapped by most unsuitable hall accommodation.

The day was all that could be expected or asked of a British Columbia June Sunday, and part of the splendid Vancouver I. Silver Band, under Bandmaster Redburn, which had come over to assist Major and Mrs. Morris in the opening services of the new Citadel, played some select pieces. The service outdoors, which was of a most interesting character, was conducted by the P. O. Mrs. Morris broke the Tri-Colored Flag at the "Mast Head."

Rev. Dr. White, Superintendent of Methodist Missions, gave an address, and little Queenie Gosling, the Adjutant's daughter, with a few well chosen words, presented the Major with a suitably inscribed silver key, and he in turn unlocked the door, and in the name of God, The General and The Commissioner, declared the building open, and asked His Worship, Mayor Keary, to lead the waiting crowd in, which he did.

We are inside the hall which will seat three hundred and fifty people. It is a beauty. One of the best lighted and ventilated we have ever seen, and the acoustic properties are of the finest. The platform is a splendid arrangement.

His Worship the Mayor took charge of the meeting. Staff-Captain Collier gave out the opening song, Adjutant Wakefield prayed, Mrs. Captain John-

stone and Lieutenant Wright sang a duet, and His Worship gave an address in which he had nothing but good to say of the S. A. He remarked that there had been a time when he himself had looked upon the Officers and Soldiers as a lot of irresponsibles, but that long ago he had changed his mind, and had in his official capacity found the S. A. to be a force for good, and that its people had always been ready to give a hand in anything that was for the betterment of the city, and in return he could promise them the support of his council and himself. Following the address of the Mayor, the band played the famous Cadets March, which was much appreciated by all present. After the selection by the band, His Worship called upon Major Morris for the speech of the afternoon. The Major rose well to the occasion, dealing with the evolution of The Salvation Army, and I am sure that some of the statistics given must have been a great eye-opener to some of those who are not in the habit of attending our gatherings. Other speakers were Mr. D. S. Curtis, a leading business man and an old resident, as he informed us that he had lived in New Westminster for over thirty-four years, and had always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the city. He was pleased to be with us on this occasion, and to rejoice with the Local Corps in their having at last built themselves such a splendid home. Mr. Taylor, editor of the Columbian, was the next speaker. He had not lived in the city as long as some of the other gentlemen present, and had not met The Army for the first time in this far western city, but nearly thirty years ago he had been sent as a young reporter by his paper to see if there was any "Copy" to be had from the performances put on by these new and strange people. He had not attended many meetings before he was convinced of the sincerity of the people he had gone to "Write Up." He was in love with the great movement, and had been for many years. Rev. Mr. Owen of the Reformed Church of England, spoke of his boyhood days in London, and of the good work of The Army in general. He said that last Sunday he had been to the funeral of the old hall, and now he was glad to

(Continued on page 11.)

Green was the predominating colour in the Lisgar Street Barracks on Wednesday night, June 17th. Green flags, green rosettes, green ribbon, and the evergreen shamrock met the eye very where.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was on hand to tie the knot, and as he entered the building with the bridal party, loud volleys were fired by the enthusiastic Soldiers, while the Band blared forth a muddled medley, which answered the purpose of welcome just as much as if they had played "See the conquering hero comes." The platform presented a bright appearance. In the front row sat the bridal party—the bride resplendent in a wreath of white roses, while her two bridesmaids wore similar wreaths of red roses. The red and yellow uniforms of the Band formed a highly-coloured background, while to one side sat a doy of fifteen young girls with white dresses and green ribbons.

The usual preliminaries being over, the Colonel called on Brother Stevenson, the best man, and Sister Wells, bridesmaid, to have a few words each. They spoke well of the bride and bridegroom, and predicted a happy future for them. Mrs. Campbell, the late mistress of the bride, then made a short speech, in which she highly eulogised the worth of "Mary," who had been in her service for eighteen months, and proved a most exemplary servant.

Thomas Gordon and Mary Alcock then stood up beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue, to make their solemn covenant with each other. When it was all over the flower girls sang an Irish Anthem, and Bessie McFetrick presented the bride with a basket of green carnations.

This night also happened to be the last one on which Captain and Mrs. McFetrick would be at the Corps, and so it was only fitting to have a fare well speech from the Captain. Sergeant-Major Collier, of Montreal I. also happened to be present, and, as that is the Corps Captain McFetrick is going to, the Sergeant-Major was invited to say a few words. He assured the Captain of a hearty welcome to Montreal, and ended by saying that old memories had been stirred within him that night, for he was Irish too.

This highly interesting meeting was brought to a close by all joining in singing, "God be with you till we meet again." Tears rolled down the face of the Captain, as he stood under the Colours and heard his Soldiers sing their song of farewell to him, and there was much pathos in Colonel Pugmire's prayer, as he finally committed our dear comrades to the care of God, and be with them.

The World and Its Ways.

Cheaper Postage Rates.

Great Britain and the United States have agreed to a postage rate of two cents on letters passing between the two countries, and the Postmaster-General of the latter country is planning to extend the same rate to all countries with which the United States is in direct steam communication. It is pointed out that these countries can be as easily and as cheaply reached by mail from the Eastern States as San Francisco can, and it is only fair that the people from the Continent of Europe should enjoy the same low rate of postage as those from the United Kingdom. As things now stand, an Englishman, Irishman or Scotchman can write home for two cents, while a Frenchman, Italian, Hungarian, or German must pay five cents. This difference must lead to the general adoption of the two-cent rate with all countries included in the postal union.

Queenly Sympathy.

Queen Alexandra recently received a letter from one of the patients in a London Hospital for consumptives, in which the writer explained respectfully and in simple phraseology that she had been unable to see Her Majesty on her drives through London or her visits to the district. Would Her Majesty gratify the girl's dying desire by coming to see her before going abroad, because she was afraid she would not be living when Her Majesty returned.

Her Majesty, touched by the evident sincerity of the letter, decided to visit the writer. She drove in her motor car from Buckingham Palace, taking with her a large bouquet of orchids, lilies of the valley, asparagus fern, and carnations. The patient was quite overcome with surprise and joy, for the moment, but the kindly words of sympathy from Her Majesty soon put her more at her ease. The Queen gave her the bouquet and said that the flowers had been cut specially for her from the Palace gardens. Her Majesty then passed on to other patients, and distributed some lovely roses among them. This kindly act is characteristic of the Queen of England.

Disastrous Floods.

It is reported that, owing to the floods in the Mississippi Valley, hundreds of homes have been abandoned and citizens' protective associations are being formed throughout the bottom lands to prevent looting. It is estimated that five hundred persons have been compelled to abandon their homes and seek shelter on the table lands. In many cases they have been unable to remove their valuables and thieves have been busy. The Alexandria bottoms, a rich cucumber and tomato country, are under two feet of water and the damage is estimated at a million dollars. Ten thousand acres of corn and wheat have been destroyed by the high water.

A Missionary's Perils.

Doctor Wilfred Grenfell, the celebrated missionary physician of the Labrador, recently had a most thrilling experience. He had left Battle Harbour, in his dog-sleigh, to attend patients at another settlement ten miles distant. A moving ice field drove him

off the coast into an area covered only with broken drift ice. Before he could stop the dogs they carried him into the water. They then attempted to climb on Dr. Grenfell's back and he was obliged to fight them before he was able to climb on to a solid piece of drift ice. With the wind blowing a gale, the temperature ten below and night at hand, the doctor thought he would be frozen to death, as his clothing was saturated. He cut his skin boots in halves and placed the pieces over his back and chest to shield those parts of his body from the blast. As the wind and cold increased when night came on, he determined to kill and skin three of the dogs to afford him more warmth and to supply the other animals with food, fearing that, becoming hungry, they would tear him savagely, biting him about the hands and legs.

The doctor spent a trying night, but was rescued next day by some men from Lock's Cove. Missionary work in the Labrador is evidently no easy task.



The White City by Night.—The Franco-British E position.

Mrs. Booth writing in the "Deliverer" says:—The Salvation Army work and interests have been represented and space has been secured at a considerable cost; but we hope that before the Exhibition closes this expense will have been justified by the blessing that will have been brought to visitors at the Exhibition through the work of our Officers, and the extension of interest in Salvation Army operations generally. I am arranging to set apart one or two Officers who have had experience in our Midnight Rescue Work, in order that they will be available for Preventive and Rescue Work in connection with the crowds who will be attracted to the Exhibition. I am hoping to be able to secure a room in proximity to the building, and I am glad to know that other Rescue Societies are also working with this same intention. Friends will, I am sure, pray that we may be able to take hold of this new opportunity.'

Perilous Journeyings.

A Belgian paper publishes an account of the perilous journey from the Transvaal to the Congo of a gold-seeker named Adler. Two years ago he left Johannesburg and after great exertions reached Uengkela. A band of natives attached themselves to him and when the provisions became exhausted, they threatened to eat Adler if he did not supply them with meat. Eventually he shot a gnu, which the natives cut up and devoured raw. In about a month he reached Lake Tanganyika, whence he made his way to Katanga. He lived for eight months in a native village trying to obtain a concession, but without success. He then resolved to proceed to Boma. He endured great hardships, and bad to sell his rifle to engage porters, who immediately deserted him. He could obtain no food, as the only arms he possessed were an axe and a bow. At last, after three days without food, he came to a native village, where he obtained a little manioc, and finally he succeeded in reaching the settlements of white men.

This shows us what men will willingly endure for the sake of notoriety or in the hopes of obtaining gold. Should not the follower of Christ be willing to follow Him o'er land and

sea to proclaim the "riches of His grace?"

Militarism.

When earthly monarchs visit each other, a huge military parade seems an indispensable part of the programme. King Gustav of Sweden recently went to Berlin and was met by the Kaiser. The garrisons of Berlin turned out for their annual spring parade thirty thousand strong, and manoeuvred on the two square miles of the Templehof parade field. It is stated that in consequence of the extreme heat, many of the soldiers were overcome, notwithstanding the severe training, consisting of daily marches of fifteen and twenty-five miles, which they underwent during the last three months.

The training of vast hosts for war involves tremendous expenditure and a constantly growing burden on the nations. The "spirit of war" which is infused into the minds of so many millions is directly antagonistic to the

problem would be absolutely solved.

There has never been a measure during recent years that has so roused and united the moral forces of the British nation, and we hope that the temperance party will conquer.

Rightly Labelled.

The Russian Duma recently appointed a Commission to consider the drink question. They reported in favour of removing the imperial eagle from the labels of vodka bottles and substituting a skull and crossbones, denoting poison, with appropriate warnings against over-indulgence.

We think they have hit upon an excellent label for their national drink, and wish that the same could be put on the whiskey bottles in this country.

Checking Cruelty to Birds.

We are pleased to observe that a Bill has been brought before the British Parliament which aims at checking the wanton and wholesale destruction of birds, which is being carried on everywhere throughout the British Empire, and in all parts of the world, without regard to the agricultural, educational or aesthetic value of the birds. Scientists recognise that if the present state of things continued many species of birds would soon become extinct. From the humanitarian point of view, the case is even more telling. In regard to the heron, the bird was exceptionally beautiful during the breeding season, and the slaughterers know that the bird was passionately fond of its young. Calculating on this devotion, they could easily kill the old birds as they were feeding the young. When the old birds were killed the brood perished, and thus the sacrifice of the 115,000 birds already mentioned meant a further sacrifice of about half a million of the young.

We hope strong measures will be taken to prevent such cruelty as this in future. No Christian ought to encourage the wearing of feathers.

Fighting Cancer.

An International Association for Cancer Research has recently been founded at Berlin, to promote the investigation of cancer and the care of patients, the collection and publishing of international cancer statistics, and the establishment of an international centre of information on all matters concerning cancer research. Other objects of the association are the publication of an international technical organ, and the organisation of international cancer conferences. So far, thirteen States, including all the great Powers, except Great Britain, have joined the association, the seat of which will be at Berlin.

Anything which will help to check this dread disease will surely be welcome.

While, therefore, we warmly pity the poor drunkard, we cannot but strongly condemn the cause of his sorrow—the drink.

We should not reserve our benevolence for purposes after we are dead, for those who give not of their property till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

Training Home Notes.

By Teddy Dodd.

Said a wealthy gentleman to a Cadet, collecting funds for a Special Effort:

"Here's something for you, my lad. You need not put my name on your card. I have enough confidence in The Army to know that my money is alright with them." The Cadet felt as if he had grown some during the next few minutes.

* * *

Quite recently the girl Cadets had a remarkable open-air conversion. Whilst kneeling in the road praying, a well dressed man stepped into the ring, and knelt down in the centre. Between his sobs he told the leader he was a backslider, and the sight of The Army lasses had brought back old-time memories. He professed to have found forgiveness, and immediately threw away his cigars.

* * *

A rainstorm was the means of the conversion of T.—. He was strolling the streets of his native town, when a storm arose, and as he hurried homeward (having no overcoat at the time) he—shall we say—happened? to pass The Army Hall. The singing attracted him, and hesitatingly, he went inside. There God spoke to his soul in that old song, "Who'll be the next to follow Jesus," and at the close of the meeting, he rose to his feet a new creature in Christ Jesus. To-day he is No. 14 on the Cadets' Roll.

* * *

"Hark! they're singing 'Sweet Genevieve,' let's go and see what's on." Thus spoke a future "prophet" to his chums, on hearing The Army music one night before his conversion. They went (although it was a choice between the meeting and a night in a saloon) and heard the well-known words, "Eternity, Eternity, where will you spend Eternity?" sung to the previously-mentioned tune, with the result that one of them got soundly saved. He wears a line of thin red braid around his coat collar to-day.

* * *

The old, old story of Calvary related in the open-air ring by our "students" the other night, drew a motley crowd of several hundred people. Do you wonder at it?

* * *

It may be of interest to know that one of the present "theologians" has been a Naval and Military Leaguer. He was converted in Bermuda under our own Commissioner.

* * *

A butcher (not a usual customer for the War Cry) on being called on one stormy, blizzarding day by a Cadet, asked him how it was he was out such a day as that. "Well," said the Cadet, "it's like this; we must be doing our duty all the time, and although we have to struggle sometimes to gain the victory, we stick at it. Winter and Summer, rough or calm."

* * *

"Well, now, I like that," said the butcher. Say, Will (to his assistant) give him money for a Cry. I must have one because the lad is doing his duty."

* * *

As we left our stand one evening, a refined, well-dressed young man stepped out from the crowd and began to testify for Jesus. The same old story drew together again the listeners and thus, by the witness of the Cadets' meeting, another soul broke from its bonds of silence—for human fear is great—and told forth the joyful tidings of salvation.

Canadians at Clapton.

Staff-Captain Attwell Writes Entertainingly About the Dominion's Delegates at the Staff Lodge.

LETTER No. I.—ALL WELL—THE VOYAGE—THE RECEPTION—VISIT TO SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

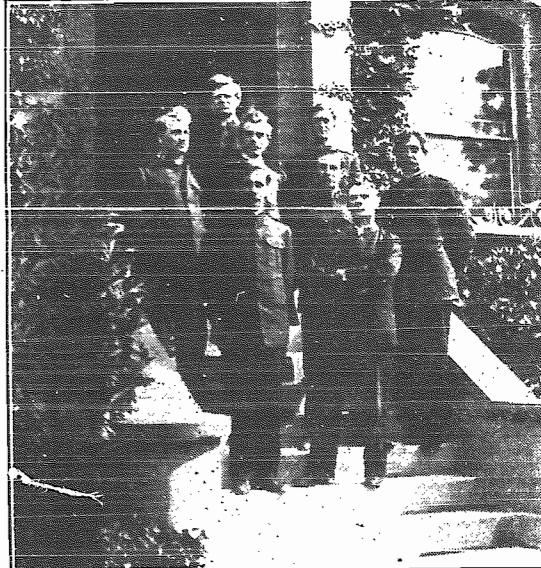
T last! I fancy I hear Brigadier Bond's voice say, when his eyes light up on this report. The same words escape me as I sit down to write, for it has been allotted to me to report the doings, etc., of the Canadian section of the Staff Lodge, and I've been literally "Too busy to write."

The Editor really wanted an account of the voyage across, but as the party sailed on four different boats, that would be uninteresting. Just a word will suffice about the "Kensington." We had thirteen ministers on board—many of them well known in Canada, and in conversation with them, I discovered a very real sympathy and admiration for us and our work. One of them, who has charge of one of the leading Toronto Churches, told me of

still on the table.

I have omitted to mention that Colonel Higgins, on behalf of the Foreign Office, and Colonels Dean and Hoe spoke words of welcome, and promoted the feeling of comradeship. Major and Mrs. Beaumont—our "Father and Mother" at the Staff Lodge—are the essence of kindness and consideration. It would be difficult to even suggest wherein we could be made more comfortable. We are in good hands.

I suppose I shall betray no confidences if I inform Canadian War Cry readers what an average day at the Staff Lodge is like. Here's one:—Gong goes at 7 a.m.; breakfast 7:45; prayers 8:15; first lecture 9 a.m. till 10:00 a.m.; from 10:15 to about 11:00 the lecture is "digested," and written in our books; at 11:15 we have lunch;



The Dominion Delegates With Colonel Jacobs at the Staff Lodge. Colonel Jacobs Has Been Lecturing the Students On the Social Work Of The Army.

his marching with The Army, and actually being present at an Officers' Council.

We had an unusual amount of fog, and lost nearly two days in consequence. However, we reached Liverpool safely, and in due course I reported at 55 Downs Road, Clapton—the Staff Lodge. Staff-Captains Critchton and Bloss had preceded me. Next day Major McLean and Staff-Captain Hay came in, and Major McGillivray and Ensign Bristol followed. The Americans numbered fourteen, among whom I was glad to meet Major Andrews, Major Crawford, and Adjutant Yorke—all well known in Canada. Major and Mrs. Clifford, of Jamaica, are also in attendance.

As we left our stand one evening, a refined, well-dressed young man stepped out from the crowd and began to testify for Jesus. The same old story drew together again the listeners and thus, by the witness of the Cadets' meeting, another soul broke from its bonds of silence—for human fear is great—and told forth the joyful tidings of salvation.

11:30 another lecture. Dinner at 1:15; lecture again at 2:00, followed by one hour's digest, and then supper. At 10:00 we retire. I think that's "redeeming the time" without fear of contradiction.

Perhaps it had better be stated that although we are at the table five times a day, some of the meals are very light. There was some discussion as to whether it would suit us better to have our own style of meals, but it was the unanimous verdict that "when we're in England, we'll do as the Englishman does." Even at that, I could mention the names of some (both American and Canadian) who are always "ready and waiting" when the going gets rough!

Yesterday we paid a visit to the Women's International Rescue Headquarters Training Home, and the "Nest" at Clapton. I believe I could write a whole page on what we saw

there. It was the admiration of all, The neatness, business-like system, home-like arrangements, and evidences of loving and compassionate thought for the inmates, gladdened our hearts.

Brigadier Asdell, at the "Nest," had the girls go through their drills and songs on the lawn. Oh! for a moving picture machine to pass that scene on to Canadian Salvationists. The warm sun, the beautiful carpet of grass and flowers, the magnificent trees, the happy faces of the children, the swings, the dolls' cemetery, and so on, in endless variety, sent us away with thankful hearts, happy in the thought that away from public gaze, unheralded often, and sometimes forgotten entirely, without ostentation, and unrewarded, except in the grateful thanks and rescued lives of those in their care. The Army has women-warriors carrying on their Christ-like work, and bringing sunshine into otherwise wrecked and ruined lives. A great Frenchman—Thoreau, I think—said once, that "If I knew I were going to die to-morrow, I would, nevertheless, plant a tree today." Our Rescue Officers are as faithful as that in their life work. The lives of these dear children rescued from a living death, will be their monument.

We were at the International Training Homes this morning, and listened with five hundred Cadets, to a very stirring and thoughtful address by Commissioner Hay, on "Temptation, and How to Overcome." We were glad to meet the Cadets, and their very hearty welcome showed they were equally glad to see us.

The weather is disagreeably hot, but then, the weather is never just what you are pleased with, anyway!

With the Editor's permission, I'll close this week's budget here, and continue next week.

We are all well.

G. A. ATTWELL.

HELPING EACH OTHER.

Methodists and Salvationists Have A Good Time Together.

Our correspondent at Medicine Hat, writes as follows:—

"On Friday night, while marching to our open-air stand, we noticed it occupied by a number of men who were firing good red-hot Gospel shots into the devil's ranks. The Captain noticing this, said to one of the Comrades, 'What shall we do?' Our Brother answered, 'You had better go back to the Barracks.' But the Captain, who is always anxious to partake of good things, said, 'I just feel like going down and joining in their service.'

No sooner had she uttered the words when the cry came, 'Come over and help us!' And we found the crowd a number of Methodist ministers, who were attending conference here. It did our souls good to listen to the beautiful truths spoken by them. Many spoke of the blessing The Army had been to them.

They attended our meeting on Friday and Saturday night and all day Sunday, and were a great help, not only in speaking on the street and in the Barracks, but we found their fishers of men in the prayer meetings. We are glad to report seven souls for the week-end, and we feel sure that much good has been done through our brothers' untiring efforts.

We all pray that God will go with them in their field of labour. Every thing is going on nicely in "The Hat," and we are praying for greater victories.—Rover.

Lieut.-Col. Damon. "THE IRON DID SWIM."

A Personal Sketch of an American Comrade—What He Thinks of Toronto.



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Damon.

Lieutenant-Colonel Damon, the Field Secretary of the United States, who visited Toronto, created a decidedly good impression upon those who met him individually; and upon the audience in the Temple, who heard him lecture.

It appears, however, that the favourable impression is abundantly reciprocated by both the Colonel and Mrs. Damon, for in a brief chat he told an interviewer of the War Cry, that he had never been in a city or its size where he found The Army with such all-round development in its spiritual and social operations as in Canada's Queen City.

He had visited our Training College, our Rescue Homes, and Salvage Works, had attended certain of the Corps, had listened with great pleasure to some of the Bands, and gazed with admiration upon our ranks of Soldiery. The net results were a profound impression of Salvation efficiency and God-glorifying work.

Lieut.-Colonel Damon is a man much younger than the hue of his hair would lead one to suppose, and when we say that in eighteen years he has travelled from a Cadetship to the Field Secretary's chair of the United States, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, it will readily be supposed that he has capacities of an unusual order—such is the case. He is of middle height, pleasing exterior, and agreeable manners; has considerable platform ability, and a reputation as a safe administrator, and for deep spirituality.

He is an American of several generations deep, his people having left Reading, England, in 1637, and being amongst the first settlers of Reading, Massachusetts, shortly after.

Our comrade was converted in The Army in Boston, and since being an Officer, has filled a variety of positions. He has been a Field Officer; had charge of the Training Homes; held various appointments at the National Headquarters; has been a Provincial Secretary; then Field Secretary. Lastly came the appointment of Provincial Commander for the Atlantic Coast Province. Now, for the second time, he will be the Field Secretary, with oversight of the Special Efforts Department. A sufficiently varied career, characterised by conspicuous success.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

And the sons of the prophets sail unto Elisha. Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye. And one said, be content, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go. So he went with them. And when they came to Jordan, they cut down wood. But as one was felling a beam, the axe-head fell into the water: and he cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said Where fell it? And he shewed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand, and took it.—2 Kings vi. 1-7.

HIS is a simple incident of everyday life. One of Elisha's young men was felling a tree that was required for the erection of a new Training Home, when his axe-head flew off, and dropped into the stream near by, which he was at work. The youth at once expressed regret, especially because the axe was not his own: "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." Asking where it fell, Elisha took a stick and cast that also into the stream where lo! the axe-head immediately rose to the surface, and the young man stretched out his hand and took it. "The iron did swim."

The iron did swim. This was, of course, a miracle; that is to say, it was an event contrary to the established and well-known course of things, and it was such an event wrought by the immediate power of God.

A miracle is the testimony of God; it is His own special witness to His own power. I say special, because, in reality, we are surrounded by witnesses of that power. Many things we see are, in one sense, miraculous. For example, we put a tiny seed into the ground, and in a few weeks it becomes a strong plant bearing a hundred or a thousand similar seeds; but how this change has come about we do not know. We often see the storm, and perhaps suffer from the destructive effects of the wind; but where the wind comes from, or where it goes we cannot tell. We know that, by a very simple process, that mighty thing we call electricity is collected, so that it may be used for our benefit, and we often see the uses to which it is put, but how it is gathered, nay, what it is, is hidden from us. Because, however, these wonders are going on all around us all the time, according to a system of things with which we have become familiar, they make but little impression upon us. If they were not frequent and usual in our lives

they would appear more wonderful, and would compel us to acknowledge them as the direct acts of God. Now, a miracle, being something out of the usual course and procedure, does compel that recognition, and although it may not in itself be any more wonderful than some of the marvels which we see every day, it does by its very strangeness and suddenness compel us, in a special way to acknowledge that it is in deed and in truth the work of God.

Such was this incident of the iron that could swim. The floating axe-head was in itself no more wonderful than the life of the little fishes in that same water, or than the force which had drawn it down to the bottom of the stream the moment that it was released from the handle; but it was so uncommon for iron to swim, so opposed to the natural order, that its doing so stands out as proof that God can set aside one of His own laws just as easily as He can sustain it, and that all these laws are subject to Him and not He to them.

But if we are ready to acknowledge God when we see such wonders in the natural world, ought we not to be at least as ready to recognise Him when we are permitted to see His work in the spiritual world? If that morning we had stood by the young Prophet's side, and seen the iron rise unbidden to the top of the water, should we not have been ready to exclaim, Lo! God is in this place? Would our first thought have been of Elisha, or of any other human agency? Would it not have been of God? And yet, wonderful as it was that 'the iron did swim,' that was but a small thing in comparison to the wonders we are permitted to see and experience daily—wonders, I mean, that are wrought by the Divine power in the souls and lives of those around us. Let us, then, be quick to recognise God in them; let us boldly acknowledge

Mrs. Damon is a worthy helpmeet to her husband, and her early experiences with The Army showed that force of character and adherence to principle which has since made her a tower of strength to those around her.

Mrs. Damon was born in the Old Country, and trained in the International Training Homes at Clapton. Brought up in an atmosphere of strict Quakerism, with a field of useful Christian work to her hand, her friends saw no reason whatever why she should become a Salvationist; but God's Spirit led her Arrowswards, and because she chose to obey God rather than man, a temporary estrangement of her friends followed. But she honoured God, and God honoured her. She was selected to go to India, but these instructions were cancelled, and she went to America instead, where she accomplished a very successful work for God and The Army. Seventeen years ago our comrades were married under The Army Flag.

His power in them; let us give Him the glory for them.

1. One of the great spiritual wonders which always seems to me to bear the visible imprint of God's fingers, is, conviction of sin. Have you ever tried to convince wicked men of their wickedness? Apart from the Holy Ghost given them, it is, perhaps, the most hopeless of all human tasks. They cannot, they will not, see their wrong-doing. No matter how much you appeal to their hearts, to their judgment, or to their interests; no matter how vividly you yourself see the iniquity and horribleness of their sin, and no matter how rapidly its consequences are felt to be approaching—they see and feel nothing. They are cold, and hard, and irresponsible, and perhaps send you away with a curse; or, if they are outwardly respectable, with a sneer.

And then, some time after—perhaps, after the lapse of a few hours, perhaps of a few months—you meet them again, and find them in an agony of conviction. They weep and groan, they see their sin like mountains, they refuse their food, and are sometimes even unable to sleep, seeming almost demented with grief. 'If this be conviction,' said one such soul, who, in his agony, had become dangerously ill, and was tortured day and night by the consciousness of his transgressions—'if this be conviction, what is hell?'

And I have often found that the truest conviction had very little relation to fear of Judgment. That may have helped to arouse it, but the real thing—the conviction wrought by the Spirit of God—is a deep inward and vivid consciousness of personal guilt, which is quite distinct from the fear of hell, which breaks down fear of opposition and shatters pride, is utterly opposed to every self-gratification and self-deception to which the sinner has been accustomed, and which often comes about in spite of powerful opposing influences around him.

No power but God's power can bring about such a condition of things. It is as really a direct interference of God with the ordinary course of things as is any other miracle. He, and He alone, can thus convict the sinner, making the iron to swim.

(To be continued.)

Ensign and Mrs. Trask have farewelled from Wesleyville, and Lieutenant Trowbridge is now leading us on. Some enjoyable meetings have been held since last report.—P. S.M.

should not perish but have everlasting life.'

It brought back a flood of hallowed memories, and he went out again; this time not to seek a drink, but to find The Salvation Army, that he might get saved. He found The Army and found God.

This second story is not devd'l of the dramatic principle;—

A man through drunk, lost prosperity, wife and friends. Became a wreck. He had often signed the pledge, but it had proved a broken reed. Once in a most peccant mood, he made an incision in his arm, and signed the pledge with his own blood, but shortly afterward he was picked up out of the gutter, helplessly drunk.

Then he came to The Army and found that what his own blood could not do, the blood of Jesus Christ could abundantly accomplish. He is a converted man to-day. We wish our dear comrades every success in their new appointment in New York.

LOOK THIS WAY!

COLONIZATION.

Some time ago the Commissioner received numerous applications from soldiers and friends asking that an opportunity might be given them on the land of this country, to make a home for themselves. The following announcement is made for these comrades, and friends, and others who may have similar desires:

"A limited number of able-bodied men, experienced in bush or farm work, are wanted, with the ultimate idea of taking up a homestead. There will be no accommodation for families for at least six months after work commences on the Colony, but work will be found during that time at reasonable wages. The prospects of making a home and becoming the owner of a farm under most favourable conditions are good.

Applicants must give the fullest information concerning themselves, the ages of self and family (if any), exact financial position, information concerning capabilities, together with the name of a reliable person from whom some reference may be had.

All enquiries to be addressed to the Commissioner, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario, and the envelope marked on the outside 'Colonization.'

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

THE THREE RIVERS CONFLAGRATION.

It is melancholy news that reaches us concerning the ancient City of Three Rivers. For nearly three hundred years, the most important point on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, it has now been wiped out of existence by a devastating fire. Only a fringe of the city is reported to be existing. The one bright spot in the whole story of fire and gloom and financial loss, is, that there are no fatalities reported. For this we thank God.

We extend our deepest sympathy to those who have suffered loss, and sincerely trust that prosperity will enable them to speedily retrieve their ruin. We should also like to remind our readers that another fire is foretold—a day is coming when the heavens will melt with a fervent heat, and when the earth shall depart as a parched scroll. When all that do wickedly and forget God shall burn as stubble. Are you ready, dear reader, for that great day?

A WASTE OF DOLLARS.

A law is no use unless it is enforced. Glace Bay is said to be an evidence of that truism, inasmuch as it is a no-license town, and yet there are in it over a hundred bar-rooms. One Monday recently, 210 of the Dominion Coal Company's employees were absent from their work, and drink is said to be the cause of the greater portion of the absentees. The loss in wages through this cause, is said to

RACE TRACK BETTING



CANADA IN BAD COMPANY.

There is ominous unanimity in the encomiums heaped on Governor Hughes by the secular press for the courage and persistence he displayed in pushing through the State Legislature the statutes that are proving so effective for the suppression of a practice they all admit to be both injurious and discreditable. In the action taken by that body it was only following the examples set in many other States, and so general has been the movement, that only in California, Kentucky, and Canada may open betting on race tracks be lawfully practised.

To be a member of this trio is a kind of "bad eminence" that ought to set Canadians thinking very seriously. If the toleration of this sort of gambling is continued, we shall soon have run on Canadian tracks, the races that would have come off in New York, and all the gambling that would have taken place there will now be practised here without let or hindrance.—Daily Paper.

amount to \$130,000 yearly. In towns where the Dominion Coal Company operates mines, a quarter of a million dollars are spent for liquor every year. What a wicked waste of money! And is it not a reproach to the town that it appears to be quite impossible to get it to enforce the law that would certainly do a great deal to lesson this evil, for there is no doubt that the opportunity to do ill deeds is very frequently the cause of getting ill deeds done.

INCREASE IN CIGARETTE SMOKING.

There seems great reason for more strenuous effort on the part of Legislators and others, to put down the rumous habit of cigarette smoking, which, according to recently-published figures, is enormously on the increase. This is shown by the fact that during the last decade, the net increase in the annual consumption is from 80,562,817 to 384,809,394. There is very great reason to believe that a very large proportion of this increase is due to the prevalence of cigarette-smoking amongst youths, and we sincerely hope that the law now before Parliament, aiming at the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes to youths under sixteen, will soon be an accomplished fact. In the meantime, The Salvation Army's Anti-Tobacco League amongst children, is making good progress, but as will be seen by the foregoing, there is plenty of scope for active effort on the part of our Junior Soldiers and

young Leaguers yet. Let us hurry up and get all the boys we can to join the League.

A DAY'S VIOLENT DEATHS.

A Toronto Daily paper has a terrible record of violent deaths in one of its issues. There being in Canada, no fewer than seventeen deaths recorded in one day. Seven by drowning; four by shooting; two by explosion; one by scalding; one by a fall; one by hanging; one by being clubbed. Two of the shooting affairs were by children, and were, doubtless accidents, but how culpable parents must be who leave fire arms accessible to young children and thoughtless boys. Two others out of the seventeen committed suicide. A sad thing about the drowning fatalities is a very large proportion were young people cut off in the heyday of life and its pleasures; most of them while boating or bathing on their holidays. How necessary it is that young people should be careful, and above all, how necessary it is that we should be ready to die, by having our peace made with God. Reader, how is it with you?

God is blessing us at Comfort Cove. We have welcomed Ensign Noseworthy. On Sunday morning she spoke very forcibly from the words, "Deep calleth unto deep." One backslidder returned to God at night.

Brother Cooper, who has been in the hospital for some months has now returned to us.—H. G. C.

Chief Secretary's Notes

The Commissioner has, during the past week, paid a flying visit to Montreal, St. John, N.B., and Ottawa, and, after only one day in Toronto, went on to the North West, where Winnipeg, Brandon and Fort William will each receive a short visit. The Commissioner has also on these trips, had the opportunity of transacting some important business with the various Provincial Commanders.

Mrs. Coombs accompanied the Commissioner to the East, but continued her journey as far as Halifax in the interests of the Women's Social Work. We expect Mrs. Coombs will be back again in Toronto from her tour of inspection by the time these notes are in print.

Lieut-Colonel Gaskin, who for so many years has borne the title of General Secretary, will in future be known as the Field Secretary, and the Department of which he has charge as the Field Department. This will not imply any change in the Colonel's duties, but will more correctly define his position and work, and also bring Canada in line with other Territories in this respect. God bless the Field Secretary.

The Yearly Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove, Toronto, began last Saturday, and the attendance for the first few meetings was considerably above the average, and there is every prospect that the meetings will grow in interest and blessing during the nearly two weeks that remain when these notes are written. The Training Home Staff and Cadets are, as usual camping on the grounds.

On the occasion of the approaching visit of Mrs. Sowton and myself to Ottawa, I am to have the pleasure of conducting my first Canadian wedding. Ensign Loveday Webber, late of T.H.Q. Staff, and Adjutant George Smith, at present in charge of our Men's Training Garrison and Corps at St. John's L. Newfoundland, are the happy comrades concerned. It is to be a very interesting time.

I would like to draw special attention to the announcement regarding "Colonisation," which appears elsewhere in this number of the War Cry. The Commissioner is now prepared to receive applications from any who desire to avail themselves of this offer, whether they are Salvationists or not. We expect a little later on to be able to make an important statement in this connection.

The Governor of Newfoundland, Sir William McGregor, has kindly consented to open our new School Building at St. John's Newfoundland, on the occasion of the Commissioner's forthcoming visit to the Colony in September. This will be one of the most important events in The Army's history in the Island.

We are still pushing on the war at Harbour Grace. On Sunday, June 14th, we had a visit from our Chancellor, Staff-Captain Barr. His visit proved a great blessing to those who were privileged to hear him. Our soldiers were inspired by his words, and a deep impression was made on the hearts of the unconverted.

On the following day we paid a visit to the Outpost, where we had a glorious time. Many were converted.

THE DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Sowton in Command, Assisted by the Headquarters' Staff and the Territorial Staff Band
—A Good Beginning.



The Dufferin Camp.

THE Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove commenced on Saturday, under the most favourable weather conditions. The weather was fine and the Grove charming, and in the meeting, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire publicly stated that never had he known the opening service so well attended as on this occasion.

The Chief Secretary, assisted by the Territorial Staff Band was in command for the week-end.

Last year it was rumoured abroad that Dufferin Grove being acquired by the city, would no longer be available, for public meeting purposes, we are very glad to state, however, that they were false prophets who uttered these things, and this year, the Grove with its verdant grass spangled with flowers, and fine old gnarled pines, is again open to The Army goers and the Toronto public.

The Camp is laid out very much on the lines of previous years, and a very pretty sight the red and white striped tents, and the spacious marqueses present. As usual, Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor—the latter, by the way, we were very glad to see was sufficiently recovered from her illness to be present—and the Cadets, dwell on the grounds, the latter finishing their training under the most pleasant conditions.

The Colonel at the first meeting, expressed the great pleasure that he experienced at being present, as he had read about the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings, when many thousand

miles from them. These meetings having in fact, an International reputation.

There was a decidedly spiritual atmosphere in all the meetings for the first week-end. The singing and playing of the Staff Band contributing very materially to the enjoyment of



A Characteristic Pose of the Chief Secretary.

the meetings. The speaking also by the members of the Territorial Staff was very good and to the point.

The great feature of the meetings, was, however, the Bible readings by the Chief Secretary. The Colonel is expository, analytical and personal in application, and has a liking for discoursing upon unusual portions of Scripture and unfamiliar Bible characters. For instance, on Saturday night, the Colonel read the Generations of Terah, which most people would not have considered fruitful in thought, or capable of much practical application, and yet, as presented by the Chief Secretary, Terah was a striking type of a large number of people of to-day, who, instead of pushing on to Canaan, which they know has been by the grace of God, destined to be their heritage, are content to dwell in Haran—an unregenerate state—and die there.

Or on Sunday night, when considering the circumstance of the Ark being lodged in the house of Obed Edom the Gittite; not to many minds would that event have appealed as a basis for an address, yet, pointing up the Ark as the type of God's Salvation, the Colonel gave a most interesting and exceedingly practical discourse.

After reviewing the events that led

to the Ark being taken into his house by Obed Edom, the Colonel showed how God blessed the man and his whole house. He enumerated the blessings and showed their character, and how closely they resembled the blessings that are enjoyed by all those who to-day receive God's salvation into their hearts. It was a very impressive and well-reasoned talk. But this is all a digression.

Amongst the speakers on Saturday night, were Majors Rawling and Miller, the latter bore splendid testimony to the good results that attend the Camp Meetings, by telling that one of the front-rank Soldiers in the Corps that he attends, was converted at the Camp Meetings last year. Ensign Lighthorne's reference to the old Soldier in her home Corps, is well worth repeating: This old lady used to hold to it that as soon as God's people desired a revival of God's work above everything else, then a revival would come. We believe that old lady was right. Oh, may we all have such grace given unto us that the reviving and extending of God's work in our midst shall be the chiefest want of our lives.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was the Colonel's trusty henchman, and in the prayer meeting piloted by the Social Secretary, one dear man sought Christ.

Sunday dawned bright and invigorating, and at 10.30 the strains of the Staff Band mingled with the songs of the Cadets—and the feathered songsters in the Grove—at the open-air meeting, while a large crowd of the residents in the immediate neighbourhood gathered round. Of late years, Dufferin Grove has become hemmed in with Toronto homes, and for a considerable radius, people can sit at



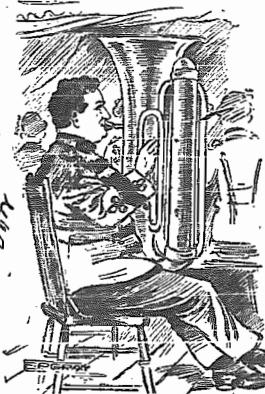
The Side-Drummer of the Staff Band—the Small Boy's Favourite.

their doors and hear the songs of salvation while the Camp Meetings are on.

The large tent was nearly filled for the morning service, and a very profit-making meeting was experienced. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire read The General's letter. From all around the Territory come tidings of the great blessing that The General's letter is being made to the Soldiers and friends who attend the Sunday morning services. It was so on this occasion. The theme being, "Are you ready to die?"

The Chief Secretary took for his Bible reading, St. Paul's famous race-course metaphor, in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, and based his remarks on the words, "Esau, for a morsel of meat sold his birthright." To illustrate how, a "morsel of meat" may keep men from the enjoyment of their birthright of full salvation, the Colonel told a capital story of two farmers; members of a Church, but at daggers-drawn on account of the eternal fence question; their hands adjoining each other. One day, however, a Salvation Army Officer conducted a holiness meeting in their Church, and expounded the

(Continued on page 11.)



Two Harmonious "Monsters."



The Staff Band Prays, as Well as Plays, and Sings.

The Week-End's Despatches.

This Week's Budget of Corps News is Simply Splendid.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING AND WEEPING FOR MERCY.

FIELD SECRETARY AT OTTAWA.

(By Wire.)

Ottawa I. Corps was favoured by a visit from Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin last week-end. Miss Eva Gaskin also accompanied them. They were received with open arms.

On Saturday night several local and Field Officers spoke warm words of welcome. The Colonel's addresses delighted and inspired his hearers.

On Monday he gave his lecture, "Queer Fish." Everyone enjoyed it, and tears and smiles chased each other down their faces. Miss Eva's piano-forte solos and Captain McGrath's cornet solos added much interest to the Campaign.—S. A. Burton, Ensign.

WELCOMED TO MONTREAL.

(By Wire.)

Captain and Mrs. McFetrick were welcomed to Montreal on Thursday. Their first week-end meetings were a brilliant success. Great crowds attended, and much of the power of God was felt. In the night meeting three souls sought salvation, one being an English ex-Bandsman.—Ensign.

ADJUTANT SMITH ENROLLS EIGHT SOLDIERS.

God was with us at St. John's I., on June 14th, and blessed us very much. In the afternoon we had an enrollment of Soldiers conducted by Adjutant Smith, when eight comrades took their stand under the Blood and Fire Flag. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rees took the night meeting, and two souls gave their hearts to God. We finished with an old-fashioned wind-up and dance.

On Monday night we said good-bye to Captain Bigelow, of P. H. Q., who is leaving for Canada. Lieut.-Colonel Rees conducted the meeting; assisted by the Staff and city Officers. God has made the Captain a blessing to us and we are sorry to lose him, and pray that God will richly bless him in his new appointment.

A REAL TREAT.

Major Phillips Visits New Aberdeen. Major Phillips and Captain White paid a visit to New Aberdeen recently. It was a real treat for us. Two bright young men came forward in the holiness meeting, to consecrate their lives to God's service. Two open-air meetings were held in the afternoon, while the Major spoke to the Juniors. Seventy were on the march at night. The Hall was crowded, and the Major read the story of the Slick Man and Lazarus. One dear sister sought the Saviour.—Uncle Joe, for Captain and Mrs. Hargroves.

Major Taylor visited Winnipeg II. on Sunday afternoon. We had a real old-time free-and-easy, and six comrades were enrolled as Soldiers. The reading of the Articles of War was very impressive. One soul came to God in the night meeting.—J. M. K.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN AT NEW GLASGOW.

Adjutant and Mrs. Ritchie Say Fare-well.

Brigadier Morehen led the meetings at this Corps last week-end. The Brigadier is always a welcome visitor to New Glasgow, and his originality and humour adds interest to his addresses. During the evening farewell addresses were given by Captain Bryenton, who has been on furlough in New Glasgow during the Winter, and Bandsman Samuel McKee, who, after a year's stay in this country, is returning to his home in Scotland. Captain Bryenton goes to her friends in Alberta, where she hopes to regain her health in the dry climate of the West.

Adjutant and Mrs. Ritchie farewelled on Sunday. They have done a good work here during their twelve months' stay. One hundred and sixteen have professed conversion; twenty Soldiers have been added to the Senior roll, and twenty-one Juniors.

The Barracks has been papered inside, and a furnace put in, at an expense of \$200.00; \$90.00 has been expended on Band instruments, and about \$40.00 on the Quarters. In addition to this, \$50.00 has been raised in the two Special Efforts—Harvest Festival and Self-Denial.

They go to Glace Bay.

YIELDED AT KNEE-DRILL.

The Soldiers of Halifax II., are still proving God's saving and keeping power, and souls are being won for His Kingdom. On Sunday, May 24th Brigadier Morehen conducted the funeral service of the late Captain MacGillivray, who was at one time stationed here at No. II., as assistant to Adjutant Alien. The following Sunday night a very impressive memorial service was held, and although no visible results were seen, yet many left the Hall under deep conviction, and with tears streaming down their cheeks.

Last Sunday one yielded at knee-drill, one at the holiness meeting, and three at night, making five souls for the day.

Candidate George Davis has farewelled and gone to Sydney.—M. D. S.

NORTH SYDNEY.

We have been favoured with a visit from Major Phillips and Captain White. The Major gave an eloquent address. Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Poole from Louisburg, have also been visiting us. The Lieutenant brought some beautiful new solos with him.

Our Sunday attendance is keeping up good, in spite of the warm weather. Minnie Pike.

On June 8th we had, at Paris, Ont., an unexpected visit from Mrs. Major Green, which was very much enjoyed. We had a good open-air and salvation meeting.

LIEUT-COLONEL TURNER VISITS MONCTON.

SMOKED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Now Testifies That God Has Given Him Victory.

We are still alive at Chatham, Ont., and having good times. Souls are getting saved. One dear man after using tobacco for fifty years, gave his testimony in the Park on Sunday afternoon as to having complete victory over it. Glory to God!

Everything is looking bright and cheerful. We have smashed our Self-Denial Target which has been the largest they ever had here yet. The way in which our dear comrades went to work at their targets would do your old heart good.

We had an enrolment on Sunday night, when six of our dear comrades took their stand for God under the dear old Colours. Captain Layman performed the ceremony.—Lieutenant McGorman.

REMOVED PARTITIONS.

Meetings Held In An Empty House.

Napanee. We have been having some good meetings at Newburgh (Outpost) and several souls have been saved, including all the members of one family. The people are delighted to have The Army working among them.

Last week we held an Ice Cream Social there with good success. The meetings are held in a vacant house, kindly loaned by Mr. Simkins. A few days ago he removed the partitions, and now it is nice and roomy. The converts are doing well. Some of the boys have joined the Anti-Tobacco League. Glad to say we are keeping the Colours flying at the Corps.

We had a good meeting on Sunday night and one soul at the mercy seat. Our S.D. Target has been smashed. Some of the comrades worked hard to reach the amount allotted to them.—Ensign M. Burry.

THEY DID THEIR BEST.

Officers Farewell From Winnipeg.

Adjutant and Mrs. Byers have farewelled from Winnipeg I., after a stay of fourteen months. During their term of command, they have been a great blessing to us and have worked hard. They were loved by all, and their efforts were much appreciated by the people of this city.

Ninety three Soldiers have been enrolled, and four hundred souls have knelt at the feet of Jesus.

"They did their best and God did the rest." May God bless them.

The meetings were good all day on Sunday. A dedication service was held in the afternoon, and one soul sought salvation. Four Soldiers were enrolled at night.—S. W. Prince.

AN ARMY FRIEND DEAD.

Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers in many parts of the Dominion, will regret to hear of the death of Robert Jackson, Esq., I.C.R. Station-Master at North Sydney, N.S., on May 20th.

Mr. Jackson has not been well all Winter, but the end was quite unexpected. Many who read these lines will remember kindnesses shown them home was always open to travelling Officers.

We pray that God will comfort and bless dear Mrs. Jackson and the sons and daughters—Minnie Pike.

Adjutant McRae paid a flying visit to Saskatoon recently, and took the night meeting. One sought salvation. Staff Captain Hayes also paid us a visit, and Captains Coleman and Smith came for the week-end. Ensign Pearce is farewelling, after fourteen months' faithful service. Many improvements in the Barracks and Quarters have been made during that time.

A Bond has also been started, and now we have twelve players. Special efforts were put forth this week-end to secure sufficient to buy a new drum, which will cost \$25.00.—H. Morris.

LOOKING FOR "BIG CHIEF."

Indians on the war path at Port Essington. Great rejoicing in the Camp. Soldiers shouting and dancing happy over four of the enemy surrendering to the King of kings in the big battle on Sunday night. We are believing for greater victories yet. Soldiers are looking forward to see their big Chief (Commissioner).

The paint and scrubbing brushes are at work on the Barracks, and when finished, will look fine. We want everything to shine when the Commissioner comes this way.—Blackburn, Adjutant.

OFF FOR THE SUMMER.

We are still having victory at Dido, but our crowds are getting small. On Sunday night a number of our Soldiers said good-bye for the Summer. One of them was the Corps Sergeant-Major. He will be missed very much, both in the inside and outdoor meetings. Junior Sergeant-Major Mrs. Hillier will also be missed in the Company meeting, but our prayers are with them where e'er they go.

May God protect them from all harm and danger, and bring them back safely to us again when the Summer is over.—Corps Correspondent.

We are glad to report good news at Chance Cove. We have been longing for an Officer in the past, and now God has sent us Lieutenant Warren. He is going to be a great blessing to the people of this place. He is interested in the people and the people are very much interested in him and already God is giving him the victory. He has had the joy of helping seven dear souls to Christ.

DRUNKARD GETS SAVED.

God Gave Him Strength to Say "No."
 God is working wonderfully in Vernon. Last Wednesday a drunkard came to the mercy seat and found pardon and peace. He attended our meeting about a month ago, but the devil had such a hold on him that he was afraid to make a start to do better. The playing of our Band drew him to the Barracks. He had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, but threw it away before he entered the Hall. That was the first time he had ever done such thing. He said the only thing he was afraid of was facing his old friends next day, for they would be sure to ask him to have a drink.

"Can God give me the strength to say 'No'?" he asked. He left our meeting determined to follow Christ.

Captain Haipouny has received fare-well orders, and is going to Nanaimo. She has been a great blessing to us. Captain Dave still remains here. She has worked hard to get new instruments for the Band.

IMPROVING THE BARRACKS.

We have had our Barracks transformed at Regina, by having it painted and otherwise fixed up, both inside and outside. The inside walls have been kalsomined and an artistic border painted round the top. The windows have been re-frosted; a chandelier of three lights has been placed over the reading desk; the other lights over the platform have been increased in candle-power. Inside a border at the back of the platform, the words, "His Blood Can Make the Vilest Clean," have been painted. The chairs have been varnished, and even the drum and flagpole have received attention. At the entrance to the building, a globe with the letters, "S. A." or it has been placed, and altogether, the building looks very natty.—E. B.

CAPTAIN HIBBS IN THE CHAIR.

We had an Ice Cream Social recently in Newmarket, and spent a very pleasant evening. Captain Hibbs, of Aurora and her Soldiers were with us.

Previous to the Social we had an interesting march and open-air. Some nice solos were sung by the Aurora Soldiers. The Hall was packed when we returned. The chair was taken by the Captain, who performed her duties with ability. After a splendid opening address, she called on several comrades for solos and recitations. The reciting of Miss Carrie Davis was much enjoyed.

Lieutenant Cooke heartily thanked the Captain and her Corps for their kind services. Special Revival Services are being conducted here this weekend.—Correspondent.

NINE SOULS CAPTURED.

Our theme for the week-end at Goderich was "Victory." Lieutenant Phillips led on, and with the assistance of the Officers and Soldiers who are at Camp, from various other Corps, we gained the "Victory" by capturing nine souls. Glory be to God! The singing and the playing of the Lieutenant was much enjoyed by the people, who stood in vast crowds. The testimonies of the Soldiers were hot and strong, and had their effect among the hearts of the unsaved.

Captain Travis paid us a visit at Victoria, on Sunday. We had good meetings all day. One man came forward to seek salvation.—Red Hot Billy, for Captain Knudson.

The Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

(Continued from page 9.)

glorious doctrine of full salvation. These farmers came to the mercy seat, and, mellowed by the influence of the Spirit, one said to the other, "You can have the fence just where you want it." "No," replied the other, "you have it where you want it."

The meeting made for the building up of spiritual character.

The afternoon service was of a mixed order. There was music and song by the Band, testimonies from the audience, and short addresses from Brigadier Collier and Lieut.-Colonel Howell—the latter basing a helpful little homily on the selection that had just been rendered by the Band. An exposition of the 92nd Psalm by the Colonel followed. It was a very enjoyable meeting.

At the night meeting a large crowd of people had assembled at the Grove, which place was very delightful, as a thunderstorm had cleared the air and the rain had cooled the earth. The tent was again crowded, and the proceedings were very spirited.

Colonel and Mrs. Sowton and the Editor were the speakers. Mrs. Sowton gave one of her characteristic addresses, brimful of womanly persuasiveness and tender pathos. The Colonel's striking address has already been alluded to. In the prayer meeting that followed, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, six souls sought the Saviour, making eight for the weekend.



SOUL-SAVING IN THE DARK.

Lieut.-Colonel Howell and the Lisgar St. Band Have a Great Time
At the Camp.

On Monday night the Camp resounded with the songs and shouts of happy and enthusiastic Salvationists, as they formed in a ring outside the tent to hold an open-air previous to the great event of the evening.

Towards eight o'clock, strains of music were heard in the distance, and very soon the Lisgar Street Band came marching up the grassy slope with Adjutants Hudson and Cornish at their head. The people crowded into the tent, and in a few minutes a Salvation meeting was in full swing, led on by Lieut.-Colonel Howell. The Colonel is quite at home in such a meeting. Adjutant Hudson was introduced to the people and gave his first address to a Toronto audience outside of his own Corps. He impressed the people as a devoted servant of Christ who had come to the city to live for the salvation of its inhabitants.

In response to a special request from a little girl, Lieut.-Colonel Howell sang, "There were ninety and nine." Mrs. Howell then delivered a solemn message to the people, and her warnings rang out with startling clearness to the careless sinner. The effect of her words brought the meeting to a state of preparedness for the Colonel's address, and when he announced his text, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," the words seemed to grip the hearts of all present.

An appeal for decisions to serve Christ was made, and just at this crucial moment a heavy thunderstorm burst over the Camp and all the lights went out. With a noise like the discharge of heavy guns, the thunder pealed again and again, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the tent at intervals, and the rain descended

in torrents. There was no confusion, everyone sat still and sang salvation choruses. Very soon, however, it was evident that a movement was taking place. Then a mighty shout of victory was heard, as the Colonel announced that two penitents were at the mercy seat. A lamp was brought, and by its light the soul-saving work went on in grand style. Adjutant McElheney was called forward to conduct the prayer meeting, and very soon three more were kneeling in surrender at the feet of Christ. The meeting closed triumphantly by Colonel, converts and congregation all singing together rejoicingly, "Thank God I'm Saved."

How much of this success is due to Mrs. Howell we cannot say, but as she stayed up half the previous night, wrestling with God in prayer for the success of the meeting, no doubt it was God's answer to her fervent petitions. We do know for certain, however, that the "effectional, fervent prayer of a righteous man (or woman) availleth much."

New Westminster, B.C., Citadel.

(Continued from page 4.)

at the opening of the new. Mr. Owen is a true and tried friend. Amongst other gentlemen on the platform was our old and sincere friend, Mr. James Cunningham, whose financial aid has been so much appreciated by all who know of his splendid gifts to all deserving objects, and especially towards the erection of this new hall. The benediction brought this opening meeting to a close.

Too much cannot be said for the hard, unceasing toll of the commanding officers Adjutant and Mrs. Gosling, and Adjutant Bloss, the financial officer for the Province in connection with the securing of funds for this new property.

The night meeting, which was a real Salvation Meeting throughout, was conducted by the P. O.'s Major and Mrs. Morris, and on the platform with them was Staff-Captain Collier of the Men's Social and P. G. Department; Adjutant Wakefield of the Immigration Department; Adjutant and Mrs. Bloss, Captain and Mrs. Johnstone, Captain Laird, G. B. M., and Lieutenant Wright. The section of the Vancouver band which were over for the afternoon, remained for the night meeting as well and rendered valuable assistance.

The finances for the day were splendid.

Monday Night's Meeting.

Major Morris had chartered two large tram cars of the B. C. Electric Co., of Vancouver, to bring the Band, Officers, and Soldiers over to a great Musical Blizzard to be given in the new Citadel, and these brought in about 125 people all told. Shortly after the arrival of the Vancouver contingent we started out for a monster parade through the business streets of the city, headed by about twenty-five Officers, and the Vancouver I. Silver Band of thirty pieces. This display made a splendid hit. A gigantic open-air meeting was also held previous to going to the Citadel. The indoor meeting was a live, go-ahead affair with no lack of hand selections, solos, and duets, and in this connection mention might be made of the splendid solo rendered by the Rev. Mr. Owen; also a duet by Mrs. Boyd and Sister Innes, and a solo by Miss Bennett. Captain and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieutenant Wright farewelled for

the Klondyke, as they have been appointed to Dawson, and will leave at once for that command. The P. O. spoke in the highest terms of these tried and true officers, and assured them that they had the confidence of the Commissioner in receiving their appointment to this important field. A feature of the meeting was the reading of the financial statement by the Major, and the names of the donors of the larger amounts towards the new property just acquired there by Adjutant Bloss.

The meeting, which was a success in every sense of the term, was presided over by Major Morris, who filled the bill in his usual able manner.—H. W. C.



The following was translated from an article in the Chinese Daily, "Wa-Ying Yat-Po," by Paul Chow, Reporter.

Salvation Army New Building Dedicated at New Westminster.

New Westminster has added to its fine buildings. The local Salvation Army, on Sunday, dedicated to the glory of God, a fine new barracks.

There was a large attendance of all denominations, larger even than the capacity of the building allowed.

Much money, many prayers and great self-denial has been expended for the erection of this Temple, where in even the lowest and the most debased may find room and learn the way of Salvation.

The work of The Salvation Army is too well known to need explanation. To-day, there is scarce a rod of land where its blood-red banners has not been raised, where the inspiring familiar music of its bands is not heard.

The work of General Booth in person is perhaps nearly ended, but far down, coming ages, will echo the war-cry of his followers.

An Early Morning Meeting.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Ensign Sheard, conducted by special request, a 7 a.m. meeting at Mr. Grey's Mill Furnishing Factory, in Toronto, where a large number of men are employed. The Colonel's subject was "The Army's Prison Work." There was a large audience, and numbers of them expressed their appreciation at what they had heard of The Army's doings amongst the inhabitants of the underworld.

The Social Secretary also conducted a surprise meeting in the Toronto Jail, being assisted by Staff-Captains Fraser and Walton and Ensign Sheard. The service was both powerful and interesting. About twenty of the prisoners at the close, expressed a desire to live a new life.

Sunday was another day of victory at Seal Cove, F. B. Although we have no Officer with us at present, still God is our Leader, and we're going to be satisfied with nothing less than success.

From early knee-drill till the close of the night's meeting, God's Presence was felt amongst us, and the result was that another dear young man was found at the mercy seat crying to God for forgiveness. We closed our meeting with a good Salvation Army Dance.—T. E. Loveless.

The Bandmaster at Vernon, B. C., is rejoicing to see the headway his Band is making. He says: About eight months ago we only had a casket and clarinet, but now we have got ten instruments. We hope to increase more yet.



An Eskimo Tribesman.



A Strange People Under the Polar Stars.

A Very Interesting Travel Paper and Study of the Eskimo People.



For Shooting Bears.

OUR first meeting with the Eskimo was a red-letter incident in our annals (writes Captain Amundsen, in the Sphere.) After breakfast when we went out to scan the country for reindeer, we noticed several dark spots far away on a hillside. These spots at first we took to be reindeer, but as the animals' movements seemed to be unfamiliar, we fetched a telescope from the cabin through which to see them better. Our surprise may be imagined when we found that we had human beings in our proximity.

What we saw were without doubt Eskimo. The scene which now followed is one of our liveliest reminiscences. I decided to go out and meet these people, and took with me for the purpose, two of my men, both well armed. We had been informed that the natives of these regions were warlike and hostile towards strangers, and I still remember the martial air with which I took the field and led my detachment out to meet the supposed enemy. From time to time I glanced anxiously behind me to inspect my troops, consisting as aforesaid, of two well-armed followers, and seeing that their martial bearing quite corresponded with my own, I continued my advance on the Eskimo. Even a military man would have endorsed the precision with which we approached the enemy. The latter had now halted, and were watching our movements with curiosity. At a hundred paces I decided to stop and further consider the demands of the situation.

On closer inspection of the little group of people, I saw that it numbered five individuals, two of whom were armed with bows and arrows, the latter in a quiver slung across their backs. Feeling somewhat reassured

and not a little ashamed of our own warlike preparations, I left my companions behind and went forward to meet the five Eskimo, who had now formed into line and came forward to meet me, laughing and humming a sort of a chant. Evidently nothing was to be feared from these merry and amiable creatures, and without further ceremony, I went straight up to them. Our meeting was most cordial, not to say affecting. We embraced and patted one another like old friends, the Eskimo the whole time yelling, "Manik rumi," and touching and feeling my body from top to toe.

During this performance my two companions had come up with me, and were now accorded a similar greeting with, apparently, assurances of undying devotion and friendship. The Eskimo now returned with us to the ship, and once more the same ceremonies were gone through with our two men aboard. The two who were in the dwelling-house ashore had not seen anything of what was going on, so I took the newcomers up to the house and formally introduced them as old friends whom I had just come across. It was a priceless sight to see the solemn bows and demeanour of my two companions as they received the equally unsuspecting Eskimo.

All hands then returned on board the Gioa, and while I was trying to start the conversation, our cook came up to me and whispered something about the propriety of inviting our guests below to partake of refreshments in the shape of coffee and sandwiches. The invitation was duly extended and we all proceeded down into the hold, where assemblies usually took place. But coffee and sandwiches proved to be altogether without attraction to our visitors, who appeared to be quite incapable of appreciating these viands. Nor were fried deer steaks any more to their

taste, but remembering that the sight of the piles of reindeer carcases up on deck had brought smiles of enthusiasm to the faces of our Arctic friends, I heathought me now of trying this with reindeer au naturel. A large hamper was accordingly brought below into the hold, and there we had the satisfaction of seeing that we had hit the right nail on the head. With the most contented expression of countenance and manner, the meat was passed round from one to the other, each in turn biting as big a piece as his mouth would hold, and then with a knife the piece was severed from the lump close to the teeth. Almost without chewing it they swallowed the whole mouthful, and we could watch its progress down on the outside of their throats, just as one can in the case of a duck or goose. Several haunches of reindeer thus found their way into the interior of the Eskimo anatomy, and at the end of the repast, various sounds intimated that the food had agreed perfectly with the digestive apparatus of our new friends.

Before this visit came to an end, I presented our guests with a knife and some needles, after which they started for home to tell their tribe of the white men whom none but two or three of the oldest members of it had ever seen before. Despite the fact that we could not understand their language, we succeeded in obtaining from them a promise to repeat the visit in the near future.

A week elapsed before we saw our friends again. When they reappeared they brought with them a number of fine reindeer skins which they sold to us for a needle a piece with a few extra ones thrown into the bargain. This may appear an iniquitously low price for good skins, but it must be remembered that the Gioa was a very small vessel, and as our stay was to extend over several years, it was of the ut-

most importance to us to keep our goods in high esteem. In order to enable me to procure a good ethnographic collection, it was also necessary to prevent those things from becoming common which the Eskimos most desired. I therefore gave instructions from the very first that no bartering was to take place without my knowledge and especial approval.

This visit was prolonged until the following day, the night being spent by the Eskimo in the hold well packed in reindeer skins.

Promoted to Glory.

MRS. KEARLEY, OF BLAKETOWN.

It is with sad but joyful hearts we have to chronicle the death of a faithful Soldier of Blaketown Corps, in the person of Mrs. Mary Kearley, who bade farewell to earth on Sunday morning, April 12th.

We miss her from her post, for although suffering much, yet, if she had strength to get to the Barracks she was sure to be there, telling the old, old story of Jesus, which she has been doing for the past forty years. The writer visited her from time to time and always found her in possession of a calm, patient, serene spirit, and waiting for the summons. Truly, it can be said of her, she bore her cross, which was a heavy one, for Jesus, whom she loved so well. She had a warrior's spirit, and was true to the end.

Two days previous to her death, it being the last time I saw her, she told me to sing "We Are Almost Home," and as we sang, she rejoiced in God, although her body was so weak.

Adjutant Hiscock conducted the funeral service and dealt very solemnly.

(Continued on page 14.)



Little Maidens of the Snow.



Three Generations of a Polar Family.



An Eskimo Baby.

Our International News Letter.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The International Staff Band recently visited Wales. A great reception was accorded them at Swansea, and a lighting programme was given, prior to the journey to Llanelli.

Thousands met them at the latter place. The torchlight procession to The Army Hall was a repetition of the scene which attended the Band's previous visit three years ago; but the pleasure of the Staff Bandsmen was enhanced by the presence of a good local Band, twenty-five strong, which has been formed mainly as a result of previous visits.

Eleven weeks ago, at Nunhead, a young man, in a fit of drunken bravado, rode defiantly on his bicycle in front of The Salvation Army procession, brandishing a two-gallon beer-bottle. One Sunday night he was present at the Citadel, and was one of eleven who knelt at the penitent form. His heart, he said, was broken by the kindness he had been shown by Salvationist comrades. Ever since his reckless action he had had no peace.

The General commenced his Motor Campaign at Dundee, on Saturday, June 20th. He was joined at the starting point by the Chief of the Staff, who will remain with the Fleet until Dunfermline is reached, when he will return to London.

Commissioner Nicol will accompany The General during the first week of the Motor Campaign.

Colonel Whatmore will pilot the Motor Fleet, and Colonel Lawley will act as The General's A.D.C.

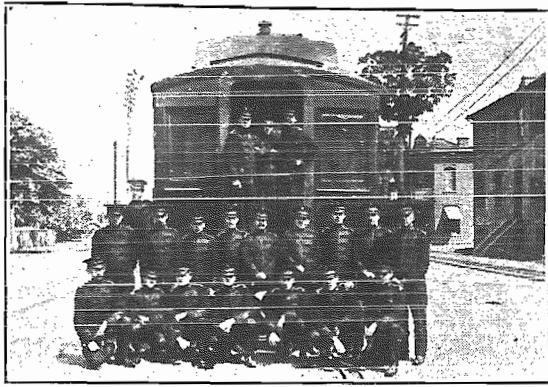
At the town of Elerton, The General has been invited to address the women prisoners in the Jail, and also the workhouse inmates.

The Right Hon. Earl Carrington, who very kindly placed his private park at High Wycombe at the disposal of the local Corps for Whitsun and birthday gatherings, was, with his family, present at some of these.

UNITED STATES.

Regarding the appointment of a successor to Commissioner Kilbey, who has just farewelled from the Western States, Colonel French has been placed in charge, under Commander Eva Booth.

Mrs. Colonel French undertakes the oversight of that rapidly-extending



The Staff Band at Simcoe, With the Commissioner.

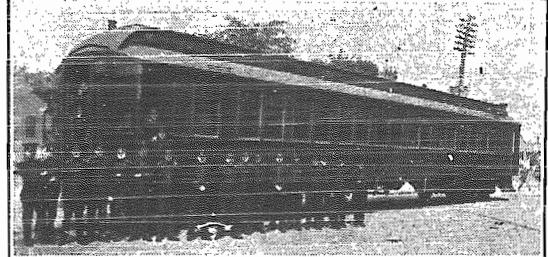
branch of our American operations known as "the Relief Department."

Lieutenant-Colonel Parker attended as a delegate to the National Congress of the United Charities, just held at Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

The arrest of our comrades at South Bend, Indiana, is still creating widespread indignation in that State. The "Charlotte Chronicle" says: The Salvation Army has done a vast amount of good in this country, its influence going where no other influence can reach. The arrest of The Salvation Army in New York would be considered a national disgrace, so thoroughly is the good work which it does there known and appreciated."

SWITZERLAND.

Mrs. Booth's meetings have greatly



The Car Placed at the Disposal of the Territorial Staff Band By the C.P.R.

was held. The Songsters, under Songster-Leader Stacey, sang very nicely, and drew the attention of all in the park. The Band played the Glory selection. Some excellent addresses were given by the Soldiers, and the hearers took part in the proceedings by contributing five dollars.

At night a very solemn and powerful time was experienced. The Songsters sang sweetly, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and many heart-stirring testimonies were given. The Captain spoke on the days of Noah, comparing them with the days of the Son of Man. Towards the end of his address, as he was urging sinners to fly to Jesus for safety, a man in the audience arose and threw his pipe and tobacco out of the window. He then rushed out to the mercy seat and sought forgiveness with tears of repentance. He was a hacksider.

On Sunday an active campaign was carried on in the streets, parks and Hall. At lunge-drill, Gracie, Beulah and Victor Hoddinott sang together, "Let a little sunshine in," and that was the keynote for the day.

The bollness meeting was a "sunshiny one," and so was the park meeting—in two senses. A splendid crowd gathered at the latter place, and a very pleasant and impressive service

was received and victories won.

Adjutant and Mrs. Hoddinott are well liked in the town, and are doing their best for the welfare of its citizens.

Travels of the G.B.M. Man Through Kinmount Circle.

One of the first things that struck him rather forcibly was at Fenelon Falls, where the trail was "held up" an hour for dinner. Things are taken pretty easy on this road.

Upon arriving at Kinmount, a drive of ten miles awaited him, across to Ireland, where the first service was to be held. The Captain's arrival aroused considerable interest in the town, his month organ solos on the street being much appreciated.

The illustrated lecture was listened to with rapt attention by a fine audience. At a pathetic moment in the story, a three-year-old voice was heard

AUSTRALASIA.

A passenger by one of the trains in the recent railway accident near Melbourne, and who during the journey had been expressing his contempt for The Army, quickly changed his views when, a little later, he saw an Army lassie praying with, and attending to, the injured.

A publican of North Fremantle, Australia, reserves all halfpennies taken over the counter during the week, and hands them on Saturdays to The Army Officer for the collection.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The prospects of the Salvation War in Mashonaland are very encouraging, and further advances are already being planned.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch, who has just returned to Cape Town from a tour in that interesting part of the Continent, says, "Rhodesia, as a whole, is becoming more prosperous. As soon as one enters the country it becomes apparent that the depression which affected the other colonies is not felt here. There are no buildings available either in Salisbury or Bulawayo, the houses are all let, and even the hotels are full. Arrangements are being made to open Corps at both these places at the earliest opportunity."

INDIA.

The plague, which has not been so bad during the winter, began to increase in severity in March, and the deaths for April in the Punjab, rose to between three thousand five hundred, and four thousand each week. The intense heat has, however, checked its progress, and a slight decrease is noticeable. Cholera is again making its appearance, and in the City of Lahore, eighteen deaths have occurred within a week.

Just recently Colonel Tej Singh (Friedrich) visited Gurdaspur, Batala, and Lyallpur, conducting Officers' meetings at two centres, and distributing much-appreciated famine loans to Soldiers and adherents in five districts. He also met the Local Officers of the various Corps.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker has decided to advance, through our village banks, loans to reliable Soldiers in the Lyallpur districts. This will enable them to purchase seed and other necessaries for the future operations.

to exclaim, "Let me kiss you, mamma." This caused much amusement and laughter, giving greater point to the story in hand, "One of His Jewels."

We went from here to Kinmount, where not only the people, but two cows came around the open-air, and listened to all that was said and sung.

Next day we went to Haliburton, the Queen City of the North. Here the people had been looking forward to this visit, so we were soon in the midst of a rattling fine open-air; people listening with both ears, and as far as the eye could see. Off to the Orange Hall for the service, everything went splendidly. Tears were trickling down the cheeks of some of the audience, caused by the touching pictures and story.

A number of G.B.M. Boxes were put out, and a hearty expression of wishes for the speedy return of the Captain given. Thus ended a pleasant and profitable tour around the Circle, without one word of dissatisfaction to be heard.—Fritz.

A . . .
STIRRING
TALE . . .

Drake: A Salvation Greatheart. & &

From the
British . . .
War Cry:



"You Surprise Me, I had No Idea There Were Such People."

CHAPTER XIV. ON ARMY SERVICE."

OR a time they tried to live by tramping from place to place, but with so many children, and lacking the experience of those who had been brought up to the life of the road, they found the strain too much, and resolved to tramp to their native town and enter the workhouse.

Even the hard conditions of workhouse life, and the cruel separation of the mother from her children, which the Poor Law insists upon, did not wholly succeed in crushing all hope out of these parents. The husband wanted to go and look for work, but the guardians, fearful that he would escape and leave his family to be cared for by them for all time, would not permit him to go alone.

So he took his wife and five children out o' the union, and when clear of the parish sent the six of them back again, after assuring his wife that as soon as he found regular work and could support his family, he would send her for her.

At last, after he had been absent eighteen months, and another child had been born to the poor mother in the workhouse, he let his wife know, through a friend, that he was working in the North of England, and although he was earning only a labourer's wage, he had a little home ready for her; if she could only contrive to get to him. Unfortunately, he could not send her any money.

Promoted to Glory.

(Continued from page 12.)

ly with the people about eternal matters. Many hearts were touched as the procession left the Barracks and wended its way to the cemetery where we laid the remains of our comrade to rest, to await the resurrection of the just. It was a very touching scene at the graveside as the only son of the deceased, with throbbed heart and tearful eyes spoke of his loving mother, and how she sought to bring her wandering boy to God. He rejoiced that her prayers were answered as he is now, and has been for some years, the Sergeant-Major of the Corps.

Around the open grave we pledged ourselves to God to meet our com-

One can imagine how this news put the heart of the poor workhouse mother all in a flutter. But how could she raise the railway fares for a journey of over a hundred miles? Hence the letter to Mrs. Booth.

There were complications in this case, and Drake was sent down to investigate, with full powers to render every assistance possible in the name of The Army. He found, as he had expected, that there was a warrant out for the arrest of the missing husband, for, after all, a workhouse is not so much cheaper than an hotel as a place of residence. His little bill already amounted to £170 odd! The man who would have thought himself in clover with a regular income of twenty-five shillings a week, had compelled the ratepayers of his native parish to pay £2 10s. a week for the support of his family while he roamed the country free as air!

Yet, when The General suggests taking the unemployed man and training him for self-supporting work on the land in England or in Canada, there are still some who object on the score of expense.

Drake was encouraged to find that the workhouse master was a kindly man, and disposed favourably to consider any proposal for permanently rescuing this particular family.

"Come round and see the chairman of the board," he said.

They went, and that gentleman, who was a magistrate, looked very grave.

"There is a warrant out for the arrest of this man. He has put the guardians to great expense, and should he punished?"

rade in the morning. May God bless the bereaved ones and save the aged husband.—Louis Shears, Captain.

FATHER McCULLOUGH, OF BARRIE.

Barrie Corps has lost its staunch Soldier in the promotion of Father McCullough on June 9th.

Twenty-two years ago, Father McCullough retired from active business and came to Barrie, where he has lived since that time.

During Captain Milne's term of Office here, in 1894, Father McCullough became thoroughly converted, and was enrolled as a Soldier on July 4th of that year, and since that time has remained an active and loyal Salvationist. He was ever ready to cheer and comfort any one in need,

"Yes," said the Salvationist. "But if you have the man arrested and sent to prison, you still have to keep his wife and six children in the workhouse. As soon as his term of imprisonment is served, he will re-enter the union, and you will have to support him as well. Moreover, after such an experience, he is not likely again to run away; so there is no saying how many years you may have to provide the eight of them with board and lodgings."

"Well," admitted the magistrate, "it certainly does not seem a very satisfactory proceeding, but what do you propose to do?"

"If you are willing to have the warrant withdrawn," said the Salvationist, "The Salvation Army are prepared to take the family out of the workhouse and send them to the father, thus freeing the ratepayers of all further expense in the matter."

"Does The Army do that sort of thing frequently?" asked the magistrate in surprise.

"The Army will do anything if good can be accomplished."

"Do you help people who are not members of your own denomination?"

"We seek to help everybody and anybody," said the Salvationist.

"Well, that's remarkable!" was the magistrate's comment. "You surprise me. I had no idea there were such people. When do you propose to take them out?"

"Now, if you like—" said the Salvationist. "But seeing it is rather late in the afternoon, to-morrow morning would perhaps be better."

"Very good!" said the magistrate.

he had come to do she burst into tears.

"I felt sure," she said, "that The Salvation Army would not leave me in my trouble. I remember, when a girl, The Army 'Specials' used to be billeted at my father's house, and, although that was all the acquaintance I had with The Salvation Army, I would say to myself, 'These people would help you if you were in trouble.'"

At nine o'clock the following morning, Drake went to the workhouse and received the woman and her six children, and, from a physical point of view, they were indeed a family of which an earl might have been proud. There wasn't one of them that might not have been called pretty, and they all seemed to have splendid constitutions. What would not some of our colonists give for such families? Probably there are thousands of this stamp in English workhouses to-day.

It was an affecting scene—not the least touching incident being the distress of one of the babies when it had to be dragged screaming and protesting, from the arms of the nurse. It scarcely knew its own mother owing to being separated from her so much. But at last, every face in the little party was smiling, and Drake and the Corps Officer of the town felt so proud of The Army's latest capture that they went and had the family photographed at their own expense. Then Drake took them to the train, paid all the fares, pressed a few shillings into the mother's hand, and saw them safely off to the father, who was anxiously waiting for them at the other end.



"He Pressed a Few Shillings Into the Mother's Hand, and Saw Them Safely Off to Their Father."

Then, turning to the workhouse master, he added, "See that the woman and all the children have each a good suit of clothing."

Drake accompanied the workhouse master back to the union, and saw the poor woman whom The Army had sent him to help. When he told her what

and was particularly a comfort to his leaders from time to time.

For many months he was unable to leave his home, through pain and suffering, but during all that time, he was never known to complain but was always bright and trustful. His manner for both worlds were straight and true; he was enabled to walk "through the valley" in peace.

Major Green kindly came up from Hamilton to conduct the funeral. He was assisted by Rev. Mr. Altonbank (Methodist). An impressive service was held at the house, after which the Band played that grand old hymn "Standen," through the main streets. Then we drove to Stroud, where another service was held in the Methodist Church, also conducted by Major Green. We then wended our way through the little country cemetery

to the strains of "Boston," where the casket was lowered in the grave. A memorial service was held in the barracks on Sunday night at which there was a large attendance. Father Myles, Treasurer Stapleton and Father Wharn, spoke of our promoted brother's earnest Christian life, and urged all present to a like definite life. The songsters sang "Face to Face," also, "Only Remembered By What We Have Done."

Father McCullough is missed in the ranks below, but he has joined the ranks above. Our loss is Hoad's gain. The prayers of the Corps have been united for the bereaved ones, and will continue.—W. J. Hancock.

He loves you if you fight, whether you win or not. You may lose the battle, and yet win the crown.

WITH AN INDIAN OFFICER.

(Continued from page 3.)

away, and he becomes a Soldier, for six months. He thinks a great deal of his commission, and his stripes are taken off very sadly.

Five families in one village have been eating meat of an animal which has died of itself. This is a heathen mark, therefore a Christian crime. Each family is fined one rupee, and the money is handed over to the Officer to get drums for the Corps.

There is a dedication of babies awaiting us in another village, and the affair of the buffalo presses for attention. We pack into our pony-cart, and jog off to attend to the last-named matter as soon as possible.

We have not the faintest right to order the caste people, nevertheless our messenger brings the Nambardar and his men to confront those whom we saw yesterday—and frequently, in such a case, when they know that they have oppressed and wronged the low castes, they will volunteer to pay down a sum of money in redress, rather than have every detail sifted,

Our aim is always to make peace between the two classes when it is possible. At first it looks hard to do it. So many lies are told about the poor buffalo that in its death it becomes more famous than most of its brethren in life.

Three solid hours elapse before the questioning is over. Then we address the wily Nambardar, warning him that justice will be done, and that he is doing himself no good by wrongly opposing our people. The law is that if a man is suspected of poisoning an animal, the entrails are to be taken out in his presence, and sealed up in a bottle for dispatch to the Veterinary Surgeon of the District town. In this case the Nambardar has done it secretly in his own house. This, of course, is conclusive.

"We are not against you," we tell him; "we're the friends of everybody. We want the low caste people to serve you better; to be more useful workmen; but you must not oppress them; if our people have done anything

wrong you must come to us about it, not take them to a civil court first."

The Nambardar looks greatly subdued, for he knows we shall call upon the Hindu Judge to-morrow, and he sees his trickery exposed and the prisoners acquitted.

We really ought to pause for food, but the buffalo has eaten up so much of one day that we press on to be in time for the Dedication, five or six miles away.

"The people wait," says the old Subhadar who meets us, "but the Colonel must eat, or she will fall faint by the wayside, and the blame will be heavy upon our souls." So he leads us to his hut—ten feet square where he has spread the ground with clean, white sheets, and prepared us a delicious meal, curried chicken and chapatties made with ghee followed by sweet rice mixed with sultanas and cocoanut—truly a feast for travelling Salvationists. We take off our shoes, and wash our hands before entering the hut.

The meeting is held in a large compound, with a low mud wall around it, over which lean onlookers from the village. Within the wall sit our own Soldiers, and from the house-roofs near look down women, to whom our coming is a rare excitement. We take our seats upon simple cots drawn under the shade of a kindly tree, four huts in a row in the background, some cows and oxen tethered to a peg in one corner of the compound, a woman cooking at a fire in another, the parents squatting on the ground in front of us with their babies.

"What is its name?" we ask, as we take the first one offered. "What you like," replies the father. "We have called it Kaka (little boy) until you came. We have left it to you to name it as you will."

The next parents stand up, but the baby is missing! The mother runs to the wall of the house on the top of which a number of women and children are sitting, and a girl lets the bare, brown, wriggling baby down from the roof by one arm! The mother catches it by the other, swings it to her hip, and brings it back to the ring.

Soldiers' and Jemadars' meeting follows, for there is a commissioning to be done—a most important event to an Indian Salvationist. They preserve

their commissions with great care, sometimes showing them to high caste Hindus as certificates of good conduct when they are seeking employment.

Indeed, during a period of forced Government labour, which included Sunday work, all the Salvationist Jemadars who could produce their commissions were allowed to go home for the Sunday.

It is late, but we must pack ourselves into that pony-cart once more, for the buffalo business is still unfinished, and we have engaged to see the Hindu Judge at Gurdaspur in the morning. —————

HE IS TRUSTED NOW.

The Change Salvation Makes.

We are still having some good times at Cobourg, since our last report every Soldier has been going in for a real baptism of the Holy Spirit, and in spite of all difficulties, the Lord has helped us to smash our target for Self-Denial.

Our Bandsmen and Soldiers are full of fire for God and souls, and are putting forth every effort to keep the War going.

Much to the delight of our townspeople, our Band gave a splendid open-air musical meeting in the Victoria Park, on May 25th, which was very much enjoyed. This week-end meetings, led by our Officer, Captain Smith, have been a great blessing. On Saturday night we had a splendid open-air, led by the Band, and a large crowd gathered to hear. On Sunday we had a red-hot time. One comrade in giving his testimony in the open-air said that before he got salvation, nobody in Cobourg would trust him with a plug of tobacco, but since he joined The Army he can have anything. That is what God does for him now.

In the night meeting one soul sought salvation.—W. H. Wilson.

Campbellford is still holding its own, in spite of the devil and the hot weather. Since last report we have had a commissioning of Local Officers, when ten Locals besides the Songsters were given their commissions.

Last week a load of us went out to Warkworth, an old battle-ground of The S. A. The people were delighted to see us, and after having a good meeting, we were strongly urged to come again.

Our knee-drill attendance has increased from half a dozen to sixteen, and our open-air attendance is quite noticeable, when we muster twenty-five strong. We believe in advancing. P. R. Enon. —————

Charlottetown had a fine time on Sunday, with Adjutant Squarebriggs and his partner to the fore all day. Forceful and pungent were the Adjutant's messages, and his earnest appeals reached the hearts of those who heard. There was one decision for holiness and one was welcomed back to Father's House.

In the afternoon, the daughter of our comrades Charley and Mrs. Squarebriggs, was dedicated under the Flag.

Building repairs are the order of the day, and there is to be an early farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Sparks, who have done a blessed work in this Corps and city.—H.

Six Soldiers were recently enrolled at Lethbridge by Captain Adams. The service took place on Sunday afternoon, and was of a lively nature. Captain Roe had a dance on the platform, while the Soldiers stood up singing and praising God.

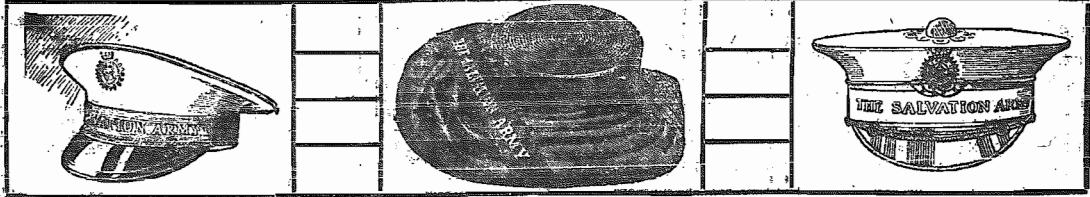
On Monday night two young men came forward and six sinners put up their hands to be prayed for.—Harry Dawson.

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And they are going, going, going, day by day, that keeps interest at an enthusiastic pitch from morning until night. We have every reason to be grateful with the appreciation expressed by our customers, and take this opportunity of thanking them.



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